JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see Page 341.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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SPLENDID! THANKS!!

One does not hear this or a similar expression of glad feeling as often as one could wish, and its absence is frequently due to man's dilatoriness in exercising a proper care for his health. The habit of procrastination is strong in human nature. A slight indisposition, a feeling of being a bit "below par," is given very little heed to, with the result that alarming symptoms often ensue. It is a truism that most sickness takes its rise in indigestion, or a torpid state of the Liver and Bowels, conditions where

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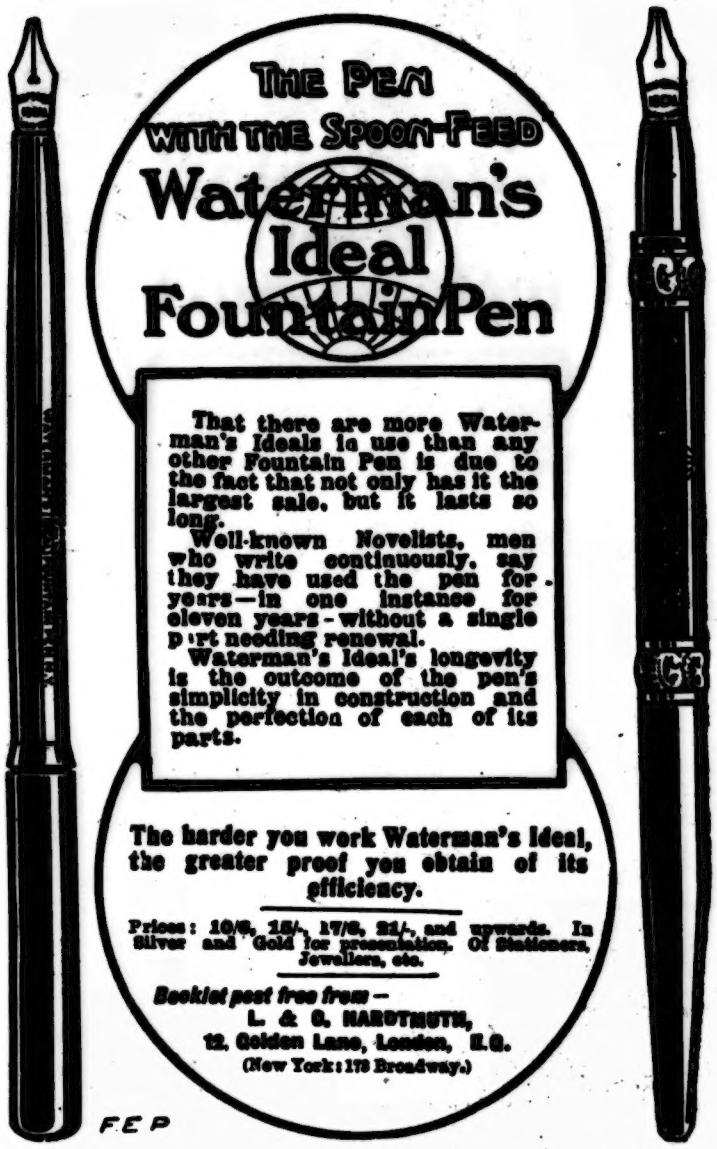
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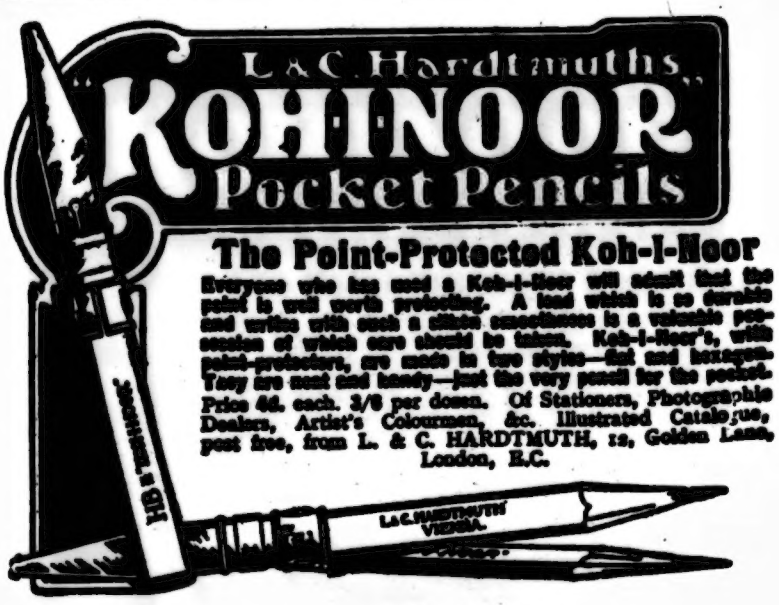
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JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. V. No. 123. Saturday, October 10th, 1908. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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IN the High Court of Justice, King's Bench Division, 1908 (P. No. 1,198) between The Provident Association of London (Limited), Plaintiffs, and Frederick Arthur Elbourne, Defendant.—To THE PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON (Limited). I, Frederick Arthur Elbourne, upon my own initiative, desire to make a full and complete apology for the libels which I have circulated against The Provident Association of London (Limited), and I hereby undertake not to repeat any of the same or similar libels, and to abide by the terms of the Judgment and Injunction granted against me in the High Court of Justice, King's Bench Division, by the Honourable Mr. Justice Darling, on the 4th day of July, 1908.

Dated this 30th day of July, 1908.

FREDERICK ARTHUR ELBOURNE.

Witness to the signing hereof by the said Frederick Arthur Elbourne, F. Fletcher Mills, Solicitor, Birmingham.

HATCHETT-JONES, BISGOOD AND MARSHALL, 48, Mark Lane, London, E.C., Plaintiffs' Solicitors.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We this week have the pleasure of inviting our readers to share with us in the commercial success of our journal. It is almost an axiom of newspaper enterprise that it takes three years to thoroughly establish a new paper. But before we were half that age our success was assured, and with the extended means of furthering its welfare which will be secured by a co-operative proprietorship, we are not without hope that by the end of the year JOHN BULL will have left all journalistic records behind. In the meantime, we have endeavoured to devise a scheme whereby our friends may have the choice of a first claim, to a substantial extent, upon our profits, or, at their option, a participation with ourselves in the full benefits of our enterprise. *Every shareholder, however small, will be a new source of strength to the paper.*

Backed by Austria and (probably) Germany, Prince Ferdinand has taken the bit between his teeth and proclaimed himself the Sovereign of an independent Kingdom. Practically Bulgaria has been free of Turkey for a long time past, and probably she might have got rid of the suzerainty by negotiation first with Turkey and then with the Great Powers parties to the Treaty of Berlin. She has chosen a different and highly dangerous course. Ignoring the treaty, and relying either upon the positive promises of Austria and (probably) Germany, or believing that the Great Powers would not risk a European conflagration, Bulgaria has ignored treaty rights and the law of Europe. We may be sure that the enlightened men who now rule Turkey wish to avoid war, and will do all in their power to prevent it. We hear a good deal about the readiness of the Bulgarian Army, and its formidable strength, but it is well to remember that Von der Goltz Pasha, the German Military Adviser, recently pronounced the Ottoman Army "invincible," and as he then had Russia in his eye as a possible antagonist, he must be a poor critic if Turkish troops are repulsed on their way to Sofia, should war be the result of the Bulgarian Declaration of Independence.

A veritable storm of what the occultists call "elementals" would appear to have gathered round the house of Joel; and we shall not be surprised to hear that the members of it have decided to take a rest from the public gaze, both socially and commercially. After all, we begin to feel glad that we are not millionaires.

Undoubtedly the shelving of Lord Tweedmouth, when Mr. Asquith reconstructed the Government, hit the noble lord hard. This, following the flouts, and jibes, and jeers to which he was subjected over the Kaiser correspondence, evidently precipitated the "ill-health" which is now the cause of his resignation. Mr. Asquith is not the sort of man lightly to regard the offence of a Minister who opens his mouth only to put his foot in it. Up to a point, Lord Tweedmouth was correct in his conduct when he received the Kaiser's letter. He took his colleagues into his confidence, and drafted a reply in accord with their advice. It was his subsequent loquacity which raised the storm about his head. If he had kept his mouth shut the correspondence would have passed into the archives of secret history. This he failed to do, and when Mr. Asquith sent him to the ornamental office of the President of the Council, that was at once his punishment and his political extinction. It is a pity so tactful a whip should have made so indiscreet a Minister. Lord Tweedmouth forgot that a man should never tell a friend what he would not like an enemy to hear.

Mr. Chamberlain is *not* contemplating retirement; he is *not* preparing a farewell address to his constituents; his health has lately shown marked improvement—in fact, he was never better in his life! All this upon official authority.

A Postal Order for 2s. 6d. makes you a proprietor of "John Bull." See pp. 356—7.

We recently threw out a hint that perhaps after all Sir Edward Grey had been scheming to bring about the recent transformation scene in Turkey, and further information tends to corroborate this surprising theory. The secret history of the peaceful revolution in Turkey will not be revealed just yet, but we understand that events were precipitated by an Austrian proposal to hold a conference of the Powers at Constantinople. Such a conference would certainly have resulted in further erosion of the Turkish Empire, and it was immediately realised by the Sultan, as well as by the army and people, that the only means of salvation lay in the proclamation of a Constitution, which would enable Turkey to resume her place among civilised nations. The Powers, of course, never wanted a settlement. But King Edward, with his usual wisdom, realised that, if he assented to further dismemberment, the loyalty of many thousands of his Mahommedan subjects would be shaken. He therefore persuaded Sir Edward Grey to act with the leaders of the Constitutional Party in Turkey, with the excellent result which we all know. It also appears that, over eighteen months ago, the King had already contemplated a visit to the Sultan, and there seems to be no doubt that His Majesty will take an early opportunity of making the journey to Constantinople, where he may rely upon a reception even more rousing than any which he has yet met with in any capital.

Our readers will remember that some time ago we referred at length to what we described as the scandal of the 5th Lancers. We said that a mutiny had occurred in the regiment some time ago and had been condoned. Questions were asked in Parliament, and the War Office authorities having denied any knowledge of the affair, we published sworn affidavits setting forth the facts of the mutiny. The War Office no longer deny that it took place, but refuse to move in the matter on the ground that it happened four years ago. We may have something more to say before long about the five officers who were recently retired from the regiment. Meantime we direct attention to the following notice which appeared in the *London Gazette* of November 1st, 1907:—

> Captain E. B. Wilson, 5th Lancers, to be placed on half pay, retaining his appointment as Superintendent of Gymnasia, Northern Command.

Up to and including August, 1908, Captain Wilson always appeared in the monthly Army List (published by authority) as Superintendent of Gymnasia, Northern Command. It is, to say the least of it, unusual that an officer on half-pay should retain a position such as that of Superintendent of the Gymnasia, Northern Command; but passing that, it will at least be conceded that if an officer receives this, or any other, appointment, it is reasonable to assume that he will fulfil its duties. Now we know as a matter of fact that during the nine months from the time that Captain Wilson was gazetted as being placed on half-pay to August last, that officer never went near the Gymnasia, never performed any single duty in connection with his position as Superintendent. We should be interested to hear the Secretary of State's explanation of how it has come to pass that Captain Wilson has been retained for nine months in the important position of Superintendent of Gymnasia, Northern Command, that he has received the emoluments of the office during the whole of that time, and that he has not set foot in the school once during these nine months.

It is sometimes said that Englishmen have a strange distrust of their military men, and that in opposing anything like conscription they play the poltroon. However that may be, they have pretty good ground for their distrust of the kind of military persons who would have the control of a conscript army if the people were fools enough to consent to the creation of one. We have before us a letter written by that much over-rated warrior, Lord Wolseley, to a member of the House of Lords. He is discussing the question of invasion. This is the spirit in which he refers to the public, to whom, by the way, he owes those considerable sums of money voted him by Parliament (for very third-rate military service), and which have vanished in the exciting, if sometimes ruinous, pastime of Stock Exchange speculation:—

> Mr. Tobias Jones, M.P., and the Smiths and Robinsons, all busy to make money by selling shoddy articles, profess to laugh at the danger; and that ignorant old beer-drinking fool, John Bull, makes haste to admire their wisdom.

And here is another gem:—

> The mob who now rule England are taught by their leaders to regard men like you and me, who would warn them of their danger, as male Cassandras—at any rate, they won't believe us

Not content with talking of "the mob," Lord Wolseley goes on to emphasise his contempt for the vast majority of the people of this country:—

> The people—who the devil are they?—prefer those who assure them of "peace, perfect peace."

Who the devil are they? Food for powder, but for the rest—! Yet there are those who wonder that the people of England will not put themselves at the mercy of Lord Wolseley, and his like, by consenting to conscription.

The Negus Menelik is evidently growing anxious about the future. Everyone knows that his savage Empire is only kept together at all by the force of his own personality. Even as it is, he has very little practical control over anybody outside his own petty kingdom of Shoa, and there has never been any fixed law of succession. The Negus is now making desperate efforts to assure the succession, but his simple expedient of nominating an heir will not avail anybody very much. If his nominee turned out as strong a man as Menelik, he might contrive to hold his own. But many other strong men are sure to make a bold bid for the throne, and Menelik's death is bound to be followed by civil war.

Lord Alfred Douglas, as a stern unbending moralist, is very effective. He has taken into his head that a novel called "The Yoke," which we reviewed a year or so ago, is not quite so decent at it should be. So he has written a letter informing the publisher that, unless the book is at once withdrawn from circulation, he proposes "to take certain serious steps in the matter." These steps turn out to be an appeal to a strange trinity of persons—the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, the Commissioner of Police and the Public Prosecutor. The Archbishop is apparently dragged in because his lordship has discovered that the publisher happens to be a Roman Catholic. No doubt if he had been a Jew or an Agapemonite, Lord Alfred would have consulted the Chief Rabbi or Mr. Smyth-Pigott. For the life of us, we cannot see how or why the noble lord is concerned about the decency or indecency of the literature which other people choose to patronise. Surely his censorship of literature should be restricted to the columns of his excellent review, and surely a man of his parts ought to recognise that literature is not a question of morals but of art. No doubt his lordship will reply that the law prohibits the sale of indecent literature. But it is a very elastic law, and one which is never put into force with undue haste. If it were otherwise, we should certainly be precluded from the purchase of many famous classics, perhaps even Rabelais. We suggest, with all due respect to Lord Alfred Douglas, that he should be content to leave the police to do their own work.

The death of Mabel, Countess Russell concludes one of the most extraordinary romances of recent times. Her husband, one of the helots of the supernumerary chamber, dabbled a good deal in mechanical work. He was at one time apprenticed to an electrical firm and used to go out, dressed like a common workman, to

arrange the electric fittings in private houses. One of his jobs took him to Lady Scott's, and her ladyship, happening to discover his identity, threw her daughter into his society. Thinking himself loved for his own sake, Lord Russell was easily attracted, little dreaming what trouble was in store for himself and the lady. He went to prison for bigamy, his mother-in-law went to prison for criminal libel, and his wife married a servant masquerading as a prince. How incredible it would all have been in a novel, and what a sinister fate persisted in presiding over their destinies! We wonder what his lordship's next misadventure will be.

We have never quite understood the precise object of inviting people to become "patrons" of entertainments. The office is a sort of honorary sinecure, amounting to little more than an expression of approval. We therefore do not quite understand why certain newspapers are angry with Mr. Haldane and Mr. Acland for refusing to lend their names to a theatrical performance which is being organised for the benefit of old soldiers. It is difficult to suppose that the sale of a single seat will be effected by the absence of the names of those gentlemen in a list which few people will take the trouble to read. All the same, we certainly think that it would have been more gracious if the officials in question had expressed a little sympathy with the trials and tribulations of men who have devoted their best energies to the service of their country.

The Rev. A. C. Nanson, vicar of Great Waltham in Essex, has discovered a new way of distinguishing between the little sheep and the little goats. Recently he married the daughter of Colonel Tufnell, J.P., the squire of the village. Returning from the wedding tour with his bride, he gathered unto him all the children and said unto them, "Verily will we take tea together and rejoice and be glad, for I am again with you." So the children came into a building where the tables were spread. And as they passed in at the portals, he who was in charge spake unto them saying: "Attend ye the Church Sunday-school or the chapel Sunday-school?" And the children answered him according to the truth. Then those who were of the Church Sunday-school were waved to the right of him that spake, and those who were of the chapel Sunday-school, to the left. And it came to pass that both the right and the left were regaled with tea and buns, as was mete for them, and they said one to another, "Lo, these things are good." And while the children could still hold more they saw a large cake being cut up. And they marvelled saying, "Lo, this is a wedding cake. Can this be for us also?" Then their mouths watered, and they made ready to eat thereof. But happy are they who expecteth nothing; verily they shall not be disappointed. For the servants that waited at the feast were bidden to give the cake only unto those on the right, who were of the Church churchy, and those of the left that were of the chapel chapelly, got none. Here endeth the first lesson.

Now that the Anglo-French Exhibition is nearing its close, and seeing that it has afforded a great deal of pleasure to several people who do not object to sore feet, it seems necessary for the British Committee to consider their plans for next year. We suppose it may be taken for granted that the costliness of the buildings will be the guarantee of their survival. That understood, what sort of exhibition, bearing in mind its international character, would be most acceptable? We have sung, and shouted, and played the *Entente Cordiale* into a sort of living glory. Our French neighbours and ourselves have mingled cries of "God save ze Keeng!" and "Vive lah France!" till they have echoed across seven seas and five continents, and for next year we may as well have an Anglo-German Exhibition as a guarantee of good faith and fellowship—with "Hoch der Kaiser," "Der Vatch on der Rhine," "Sprechen Sie Deutch?" and all the rest of it thrown in. In that case, perhaps the King will do us the honour of officiating at the opening ceremony, and the Only Kaiser will visit us to mark his high approval of his cordial disposition towards us.

There is now no room to doubt that the Franco-British Exhibition has been a ghastly failure. Probably no show was ever opened under more depressing conditions. We all remember the litter of beams and ladders, the wilderness of scaffoldings, the mud and confusion which greeted the Prince of Wales when he arrived for the inaugural ceremony. But with our natural optimism we hoped that things would right themselves before very long. All through the summer, however, we have heard nothing but complaints, and we are not surprised to hear that there has been a serious financial loss. Here is a characteristic trifle. There were extensive advertisements before the opening to the effect that four of the best British and French military bands would perform daily. But it was not until the third week in September that the first French military band began to be expected. We hope that things will be managed better next year. In the meantime, we pity the poor guarantors. Why London *cannot* support a show of this kind is one of the mysteries which will have to remain unsolved—until Mr. Stiggins allows us to go out on Sundays.

We recently suggested that a great deal of friction might be avoided if school-children and others might be taught to keep to the right when walking in public thoroughfares. Several correspondents have since written to protest that the rule of the road should be to keep to the left. The following are some of the reasons adduced: Pedestrians, keeping to the left, always face the horse-traffic, whereas if it is behind them they are more likely to be run over. Again it is urged that the passenger on the left has his right hand ready to greet a friend or assault a foe. What, we are asked, would have happened to a knight of old if he had go to the right in the tilting-yard? The point at issue, however, is not what the rule of the road should be. Custom has established it that pedestrians shall keep to the right, and, until that custom is altered, endless annoyance must be caused if people do not abide by it. The driver of a four-wheeler wants us to ask our readers always to look to the right before stepping off the pavement to cross a road, and, when they have once started, never to run back, whatever happens. Another gentleman writes: "Surely the people who collide are those who run, look behind them and still run on. A 'bus driver's shout to such requires cultivation."

Our Dormant Balances Bill is evidently giving the bankers a fright. We recently quoted a letter from a provincial bank, and now we have before us one from the Fleet Street Branch of the London and South-Western Bank, in the following words:—

> There is a balance of £4 18s. 8d. on our books standing in your name. If you do not want to make use of the account, the amount should be drawn, as it belongs to you, and not to the Bank—but, of course, I should much prefer for you to work the account.

This is all right, as far as it goes, but when our Bill comes on we shall want to know something about the huge sums which have been already written off and taken into profit and loss account. Meanwhile, we congratulate the directors of the London and South Western Bank upon the good example they are setting.

Some months ago we directed attention to the terrible labour conditions prevailing in the Islands of St. Thomé and Principe, and in the mainland Colony of Angola, from which British cocoa firms obtain much of their cocoa. In a communication we received from the three firms of Cadbury, Fry, and Rowntree, it was stated that they were doing all in their power to reform admitted and grave abuses; that they had received certain promises from the Portuguese Government and

How to become a newspaper proprietor for £1. See pages 356 and 357.

cocoa planters concerned; that they believed these promises would be fulfilled, and that if not some of them would cease to buy Portuguese cocoa. We gave reasons for a less confident reliance upon Portuguese promises, and we have reason to believe that little or nothing has been done in the way of amendment. We understand, however, that Mr. Cadbury is about to make a visit to the plantations to decide for himself whether the abuses have been removed, and it will depend upon his report, which we are glad to learn is to be made public, whether the three firms continue business relations with the Portuguese cocoa planters or not. In an interview Mr. Cadbury gave to the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, we note that he says that the enquiry by Mr. Burtt—to which we referred in our last reference to the subject—"was conducted more from the humanitarian standpoint," whereas Mr. Cadbury "will conduct his enquiry solely from a business point of view." It is not a very reassuring statement. Mr. Cadbury also says, "it should be borne in mind that such occurred (*i.e.*, bad treatment) on the contract side, and not on the plantations." But if before the labourers are got to the plantations they are subjected to horrible cruelties—and that is the allegation—surely Mr. Cadbury will not shut his eyes to the fact, and simply consider the matter "from a business point of view."

It is quite refreshing to read two letters like those of Admiral Colomb and "An Australian Native" which recently appeared in *The Times*, upon Australian loyalty. There is so much gush talked at dinner tables and in public places about this loyalty that it is well to be reminded, as Admiral Colomb reminds us, that the Colonies have never shown the slightest desire for closer connection with the Mother country, or readiness to bear any appreciable share of the burden of Imperial Defence. "An Australian Native" drives home this truth by telling *The Times* and its readers that it is simply not true that "attachment to England and pride of membership of the British Empire have increased in Australia. . . Far from being increased, they are rapidly being swamped in the stronger feeling of separate nationality." That is undoubtedly the truth. Australia is heading for independence just as Canada is doing. In the case of Australia, actual independence may be postponed owing to fear of the Japanese, and the belief that the English Fleet can still be of some use; but it is only a question of a few years before Australia will proclaim her independence—a fact admitted by almost everybody who knows the country, who is capable of judging of the trend of opinion, and has the courage to speak the truth.

There must have been surprise at the announcement that the King has "commanded" that a new and popular edition of the "Letters of Queen Victoria" shall be issued at the price of 6s. net, a price which, assuming the book to be bound and set up in the way described by Mr. Murray, can leave no profit. Why, it is asked, should the King command a publisher to bring out a book at a certain price any more than he should command a butcher to sell his meat at a particular quotation? The answer, of course, is that the copyright of the Life and Letters belongs to the King. Lord Esher and Mr. Benson were paid a certain sum for their five years' work in sorting the correspondence and preparing the book for press, and this sum being very substantial, Mr. Murray thought himself justified in charging £3 3s. for the work. It was an arrangement similar to that of the Gladstone family with Mr. John Morley. The copyright of Mr. Morley's life of Gladstone belongs to the family, Mr. Morley having been remunerated for his services in the production of the work by a lump payment of £10,000.

The constant increase in the rates of London boroughs has had the very natural effect of increasing the number of empty houses, and, if Mr. Sidney Webb's idea of bringing the rates up to twenty shillings in the pound were carried out, there would soon be very few houses from which rates could be collected. This is a very important point to remember, for it illustrates the automatic refutation of Socialism, which would apply equally to any great scheme of national spoliation.

Germany seems to be becoming quite the land of hoaxes. The last one was unintentional. Some schoolboys telegraphed to the Kaiser, asking for a holiday to attend "the manœuvres." His Majesty sent his consent to the wrong school. Then it was found there were no manœuvres. So it was necessary to improvise some. William is a genial monarch.

We direct attention to our article elsewhere on Boston Bigots. It is a very gross case of magisterial partisanship, and we hope all our Boston readers will make a point of being at the prison gates to-day (Thursday), when the victim of the prosecution will, we understand, be released.

While Mr. Wilbur Wright, M. Delagrange, and Mr. Farman are flying in France, in England Mr. Cody has not got any nearer to flying for the War Office than the gee-gee in the stable or the piggy in the stye. Mr. Cody's aeroplane has had two or three evenings out at Aldershot recently, and there it has pursued its wild career round the golf links, running over the daisies, rolling the grass, and playing among the bunkers with agility and daring. But it never progresses skywards as much as half a foot. When the elevating plane is let loose and the word is given to "go," it simply runs around as if it wanted to explore the deeps of the earth, its wheels scooping out large chunks of soil until the author of its being grows tired of its waywardness and has it put to bed. Evidently Cody has built it the wrong way.

The Postmaster-General is out for business. On one of the leaves of the new series of two-shilling stamp books issued by the Post Office, appears an announcement that the Postmaster-General "is prepared to consider offers for the insertion of trade advertisements in these books." This is a step in the right direction; and when the Government have acquired a little more courage we may see arresting advertisements on the margins of telegraph forms and other varieties of Government stationery, to say nothing of cocoa placards on the Nelson Column and whisky posters on the fountains in Trafalgar Square. It is a faint heart that cannot raise the wind somehow.

A considerable number of our readers have correctly punctuated the sentence recently published in this column—but many others have "given it up." Here is the sentence as we printed it:—That that is is that that is not is not is not that so. And here it is in its proper form:—That that is, is; that that is not, is not; is not that so?

And here is the alleged chorus of the Japanese National Anthem—

O wota nar syam—
O wota nar syam;
A nar syam.

Practise these lines by reciting them aloud to your family and friends and they'll soon agree that your accent is perfect.

What a remarkable figure 9 is. Multiply it by any figure and the total, added together, always makes 9. And it has many other eccentricities.

Preference shares for YOU—Ordinary shares for US. See pages 356 and 357.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating as "a thing you should know" that "rabbits can see in front as well as behind,"
THE GLASGOW NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising that "the Colleens" use his shaving soaps and shaving cream,
MR. McCLINTON, OF DONAGHMORE,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "a mob surrounded the house demanding garden tools as firearms,"
THE NATION
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For attributing to Lord Wemyss "90 years of vigorous public life,"
THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "we are apt to forget that there are other planets in the world,"
THE BIRMINGHAM WEEKLY POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For circularising the members of the Stock Exchange to finance him as an Outside Broker,
MR. H. TALBOT, 50, COPTHALL AVENUE, E.C.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that he did not wish to see policemen working more than SEVEN *days a week,*
A DELEGATE AT THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of Aug. 15, 22 and 29:—

SIDNEY J. SOUTHEY, Nursery Cottage, Bank Place, Brentwood, Essex. (No. 96350—August 15th.)
W. CARTER, 15, Brook Street, Kennington, S.E. (No. 29443—August 15th.)
T. J. ROBERTS, Birianfa, Penlline Road, Whitchurch, near Cardiff. (No. 82608—August 22nd.)
CHARLES STEELE, 23, Pitfour Street, Dundee. (No. 72229—August 22nd.)
ROBERT SHARP, 31, Dalnair Street, Overnewton, Glasgow. (No. 120632—August 22nd.)
FREDERICK WOODS, "The Dingle," Chapel Lane, Wilmslow, Cheshire. (No. 55567—August 22nd.)
J. M. OUTHBERT, Gladstone Terrace, South Woodford. (No. 89774—August 22nd.)
Miss F. GOULDING, 64, L.V. Gardens, Asylum Road, Peckham. (No. 62230—August 29th.)
WM. MELLOWS, 197, Roman Road, Old Ford. (No. 34626—August 29th.)
ALBERT QUAIFE, 43, Inglethorpe Street, Fulham, S.W. (No. 135037—August 29th.)
H. DAVIS, Brighton Restaurant, Thomas Street (City), Bristol. (No. 113264—August 29th.)
FRED. W. ASHBURY, Whitkirk, near Leeds. (No. 50765—August 29th.)
ERNEST RUTTER, 65, Dorothy Road, Lavender Hill, S.W. (No. 136392. August 29th.)
FRANK GRAY, 8, Roxley Road, Lewisham, S.E. (No. 57190—August 29th.)
S. TABERNER, 14, Alexandra Road, New Southgate, N. (No. 88614—August 29th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of Sept. 5:—

2,059; 4,056; 5,500; 6,470; 7,547; 7,645;
13,521; 14,837; 20,953; 21,984; 31,082; 42,317;
44,191; 48,945; 51,181; 51,815; 52,678; 53,727;
59,003; 59,602; 60,425; 62,131; 66,497; 66,703;
67,279; 74,193; 74,294; 83,223; 83,320; 87,149;
88,045; 91,006; 100,284; 100,892; 105,956; 107,677;
107,986; 109,052; 114,034; 116,218; 117,089;
119,550; 124,293; 128,513; 128,665; 128,709;
131,179; 142,066; 143,058; 143,315.

INITIAL ROUGHIS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 14th (PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 12th).

"John Bull's" Great Christmas Box Scheme.

£5,000 WORTH OF PRESENTS FOR OUR READERS.

TWO PIANOS.
TWENTY BICYCLES.
ONE HUNDRED WATCHES.
ONE HUNDRED UMBRELLAS.
ONE HUNDRED CLOCKS.
THE GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING BAGS.
THE LADIES' DRESSING BAGS.
ONE HUNDRED WALKING STICKS.
SIX SILVER TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES.
TWENTY DINNER SERVICES.
FIFTY HANDSOME VASES.
ONE HUNDRED PURSES.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.
ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL DOLLS.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF TOYS.
ONE HUNDRED SETS OF STANDARD BOOKS.
FIVE HUNDRED FRAMED PRINTS, IN SEVEN COLOURS, OF THE ORIGINAL CHARACTER OF "JOHN BULL."
ONE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS.
ONE HUNDRED CAKES.
ONE HUNDRED DOZEN MINCE PIES.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CRYSTALLISED FRUIT.
TWELVE CASES OF BRANDY, WHISKY, PORT, SHERRY, AND GIN.
ONE HUNDRED TURKEYS.
ONE HUNDRED GEESE.
FIFTY BOXES OF CIGARS.
ONE HUNDRED FOUNTAIN PENS.

That will do to go on with. We will amplify the list from time to time.

NOW, WHICH OF THESE PRESENTS WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE? It rests entirely with you.

One of the PIANOS will be presented to the LADY READER and one to the GENTLEMAN READER who sends us in—between now and December 15th—the greatest number of coupons, as printed on page 3 of Cover and which will appear in each of our issues till then.

All the rest of the Prizes will be apportioned, on a similar basis, amongst those who fail to secure a Piano, and ALL OTHER READERS who send in coupons in the period just mentioned. The more coupons, the more valuable the prize.

A PRIZE COMMITTEE

Consisting of the Editor and six others (to be shortly announced) will apportion the Gifts, and their decision is to be final.

The names of the Committee will be announced next week.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

The coupon will be found on page 3 of Cover. It can thus be cut out, without in any way interfering with the contents of the paper.

Readers desirous of retaining the benefit of the number on the Cover of any copy given away need simply copy such number on the back of the coupon sent in to us. There is no necessity, therefore, to cut the number out of the cover before sending or giving the copy away.

We cannot supply copies for distribution, in connection with this Scheme, as our printing presses are already heavily taxed, and it is essential that CURRENT ISSUES should be seen by PROSPECTIVE NEW READERS.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE "ABODE OF LOVE"—AND LUST.

II.—PIGOTT'S BLASPHEMY.

By F. E. F.

It is an utterly mistaken idea to suppose that life in the "Abode of Love" is one long round of gloomy prayers or nasal psalm-singing. On the contrary, everything is bright and joyous. Love, love, love!—this is the keynote, as it should be of a place which calls itself the Agapemone, the very meaning of which is the "Abode of Love." Religion or religious matters are a sort of side-show at Spaxton. There is no crucifying of the flesh; the ex-sailor had enough of that when rolling in the North Sea, or seeking where he might lay his head in various parts of the country.

The Gospel of St. Pigott.

Pigott's theology is of the crudest. Strictly speaking, he has none at all, but he has imbibed a sort of jumble of ideas which he gives utterance to and which pass among his followers as words of wisdom. Attached to the main building is a beautiful little chapel, where in the days of Brother Prince services were held to which outsiders were free to come. Pigott will have none of this. It is not likely that he is going to have any of the "profane" prying into the sacred mysteries of the "Abode." Services are held in the chapel twice every Sunday, and on these occasions Pigott, attired in a long white robe, ascends the pulpit and holds forth. It is doubtful whether he knows himself what he intends to say; it is still more doubtful if his followers understand him when he has said it. The keynote of his discourses is sensual enjoyment, for truly Pigott is of the earth, earthy.

Wrestling with the Devil.

About six months ago Pigott put forth a small booklet entitled "The Sacred Light." It may be best described as "as ridiculous as it is blasphemous." In it he purports to show how during the early years of his life the devil contended with him, but at last by some sort of superior power he overcame the evil one, and cast him forth. Gradually there dawned upon him the knowledge that he was more than man, which culminated (so says Pigott) in the "revelation" he made to his people in the pulpit at Clapton. When I myself visited the "Abode of Love," I tackled him on this point. I asked him straightly if he was indeed divine. For a moment he hesitated, possibly debating within himself whether he ought to call fire from heaven to burn me up for my presumptuous enquiry. After some perceptible hesitation, he said, "I am the Messiah, sent from God!" I told him I did not believe him. He said he was not surprised at this, because although at first he had admitted me into the sacred precincts under the impression that I was one of the faithful (having been introduced by Douglas Hamilton), he now knew that I was a "profane" man.

The Lack of a Halo.

The great defect about Pigott, or possibly it is the fault of his lieutenants, is a sad lack of stage-management in his pretensions. He makes himself so cheap. One does not expect to find a god in a poacher's cap tinkering with a motor-car or playing tennis in the garb of an ordinary mortal. He has not even a nimbus round his head, though one would have thought that a little ingenuity in these modern days would have managed this all right. Beyond wearing a white robe in the pulpit, Pigott is clothed as an ordinary mortal, and does not attempt to enforce his claim to the godhead by any theatrical or other means. He does not, however, disdain to confer a few favours occasionally on some of his *confrères*. For instance, a few months ago Douglas Hamilton was elevated to the rank of a sort of Grand Chamberlain, and received the title of John the Baptist, while Reed masquerades under the name of The Beloved. Not to be left out in the cold, Morris was dignified by the name of Boanerges, while when in a sportive mood the "Messiah" confers various names upon his "spiritual wives," as Little Joy, Sweet Mercy, Happy, The Cheerful One, and so forth. But beyond this, Pigott does very little, while at miracles he is a dead failure.

To Hear is to Obey.

In one point Pigott is a student of the methods employed by Brother Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormons. He insists on unquestioning obedience to his so-called "revelations." The Mormon prophet quite early in his career saw the wisdom of this, and the "Messiah" finds that the most powerful weapon in his armoury is for him to say with upturned eyes, "It is revealed unto me that"—and here he fits in any particular piece of villainy or foolery that fits his mind. Some of his "revelations" are of the most astounding character, part of which I shall deal with under the heading of "Pigott's Free-love Doctrines," but I will specify a few that come in the scope of this article. After his first "revelation" at Clapton that he was the Son of God, he gave forth no more pronouncements of that character for many months, but devoted himself to those of a cash-raising nature. Love, love, love! is on Pigott's tongue, but money, money, money! is ever in his heart, for the possession of filthy lucre, as he unctuously terms it, is his paramount thought.

Cash-raising "Revelations."

About a year ago, however, Pigott came to the conclusion that a few "revelations" of a heavenly nature would stimulate business, and he proceeded to break out in an alarming way. Assembling the faithful one Sunday morning, he ascended the pulpit, and proceeded to gravely inform them that he had had an interview during the night with the Archangel Michael, who, apparently, was a nice chatty old gentleman, whose personal appearance was singularly like Brother Reed, alias Beloved. However this may be, the net result of the interview was to make it plain to the "Messiah's" mind that he needed a change of air, and a further or subsidiary "revelation" informed him that a visit to Norway might be beneficial. This paved the way for breaking the news that he intended to be absent for a few weeks, while he visited certain faithful disciples in Christiania, where he ultimately founded a branch Agapemone, and wound up by telling them that it had also been shown him that brother Douglas Hamilton, or John the Baptist, was to act as his Vice-regent during his absence. To hear is to obey in the "Abode of Love," and no matter how outrageous, how astounding, or how childishly foolish a command may be, as long as the "Messiah" gives it forth as a "revelation," it is received and acted upon with unquestioning obedience.

Pigott as a Literary Man.

Pigott does not believe in the Bible. Indeed, it is difficult to see how he could do so, for there is nothing there to justify his mode of life at Spaxton. But he keenly feels that he needs something in the nature of an oracle to guide the minds of his followers. True, Brother Prince, his predecessor, left a book behind him which was a sort of an attempt to justify his claims, and to set forth a kind of code of moral platitudes which no one ever yet kept or ever intended to keep while an inmate of the "Abode." But Pigott is ambitious. He fancies he is of a literary turn of mind, and thinks that something in the inspiration line might not be a bad thing. Brother Joseph Smith founded a city on a couple of gold plates which nobody ever saw, and nobody ever expected to see, so why should not Brother Smyth-Pigott attempt something in this direction? During the last few months he has been spending what time he can spare from the company of the ladies compiling a book, which may be described as a mixture of the "Messiah's" wanderings, a few extracts from the Koran, a little Mormonism, and the latter-day reflections of Brigham Young when his mind was in a depressed state through being hen-pecked by thirty-and-two "wives." Add to this some reflections on the sin of possessing money—unless stewarded by the "Messiah"—and the need for the "saints" to do whatever they are told and "say nuffink," and you have the Pigian masterpiece, which will be ready in a few weeks, to be obtained only of the "faithful," price half-a-crown net.

Ecclesiastical Love-making.

To sum up Pigott's blasphemy. He knows that there are in the world many ladies possessed of ample means, little sense, and fewer relatives, but whose minds are peculiarly susceptible to religious influence mingled with judicious love-making. To such characters as these Pigott comes. He talks to them of the delights of living away from the world and all its sordid cares, in an atmosphere of love. There is the sum and substance of the "Messiah's" religion. "I am He!"—What more do you want than this? Then hand over your cash, and come into the "Abode" and enjoy yourself, for ever and ever, amen. This is the beginning and this is the end of this precious rascal's theological attainments.

(To be continued.)

"John Bull's" first profits for its readers. See pages 356 and 357.

THE BRADLAUGH FELLOWSHIP.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S APPRECIATION OF BRADLAUGH.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., presided at the dinner of the Bradlaugh Fellowship, held on September 30th, and in proposing the toast of "The Memory of Charles Bradlaugh," after referring to early associations between them, said they were the days of the "Iconoclast"—the days of calumny, persecution, and bitter struggle. "Respectable" people passed him by on the other side; the Press noticed him only to revile and libel him; priests and politicians, if they mentioned his name, did so with a lie upon their tongues. But who cared? Wasn't he a dangerous and vulgar agitator—an infidel who knew not God, a Republican who impeached the House of Brunswick? And so he stood—without friends, without means, without influence. And yet those of us who knew him—anticipating the verdict of history—felt that in him we had found a great and wonderful man—a born leader of men—a man such as a century seldom produces more than once. On and on he went, ever hopeful, ever courageous, preaching what he believed to be the Gospel of Humanity, with Reason for its creed, and Human Emancipation for its faith. I sometimes think that that period of his life—the late seventies—was the most picturesque time of his career. Victor Hugo, I think it was, once said that a fixed principle is like a fixed star—the darker the night the brighter it shines. And so it was with Bradlaugh! To appreciate the full beauty of his nature you must place it against the background of those squalid, struggling days. And as we knew him, so we loved him. Gentle as a lamb—brave as a lion; tender as a woman—ferocious as a tiger; simple as a child—subtle as the most abstruse logician. An apparent combination of contradictions and incompatabilities of temperament—like all great men.

And then the world discovered him. After years of bitter struggle, the doors of the House of Commons were at last burst open. How he forced them; how, once in the House, he won first its interest, then its admiration, and then its love; the commanding influence he secured and the good work he did—these are all parts of a story often told. And when that dark day came in January, 1891, all the world realised that it had lost one of its noblest sons. Politicians of all parties vied to do him honour—strong men spoke with big lumps in their throats; out in distant India the people mourned a champion as they had never mourned before. A void was left in the public life which has never yet been filled. Where would he have been to-day? What position might not he have attained? I confess that when I sit in the House of Commons and listen to the empty platitudes of party strife; when I watch the petty struggles of puny politicians; when I gaze upon that fortuitous concourse of parliamentary atoms called the Labour Party—there is rarely a day that I do not say: "If only Bradlaugh were here."

Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, he has gone. All that was physical of him has long been returned to Mother Earth. It may be that when that is said, all is said. I know not—you know not. But I find it hard to believe that all the wonderful forces which went to make up that mighty man have been disintegrated and dissipated in the world of unconscious matter. I find it hard to believe that Nature, so jealous of waste in all else, would be so wanton in destruction of her most precious gifts. Some of you will say that that is the sentiment of a devoted heart rather than of a reasoning brain. So it may be; who shall say? Priests may dogmatise; poets may dream; scientists may grope, and philosophers may argue. But we stand to-day in relation to such things just where we stood far away in the ages—where, perhaps, we shall ever stand—bound, Prometheus-like, to the rock of mystery by the chains of our finite vision. No man ever felt the grip and clanging of those chains more than did our friend—but whilst others cried to the priests for deliverance, he trusted in the strength of his own right arm—and he died in the struggle. To-night we mourn him; and though many of you—most of you—are resigned to the belief that he is dead and gone for ever and for ever, still, even you, and all of us, may surely take this comfort to our hearts—that if it should some day prove to be the fact that the almost universal instinct of mankind is right, and that somewhere beyond what we all call Death, there be another life—a life where the great and the good receive their reward—then, if in that world there count for righteousness, true nobility of character on earth, inviolability of honesty, purity of purpose, and inflexibility of courage—there, high amongst the highest and most honoured amongst the noblest, will be found the majestic soul of Charles Bradlaugh.

BOSTON BIGOTS.

THE MAGISTRATES AND THE FREETHINKER.

It is high time that the Lord Chancellor pointed out to the Boston Bench that the law knows no difference between an Atheist and a Christian.

It appears that it has long been the custom for people of all shades of political and religious thought to hold open-air meetings in a certain portion of the town, and that recently, in the course of a discussion which followed an address on Spiritualism, feeling ran high. The lecturer got into argument with one of his audience, a Mr. Bates, a well-educated man of excellent character. But Mr. Bates is in the habit of sometimes addressing meetings of his own from the Freethought platform. Upon this occasion, however, he was occupied in replying to the Spiritualist lecturer, and, incidentally, to a personal attack made upon himself in the course of the lecture. He had not proceeded far before he received a violent blow in the face from an excited partisan; his coat was torn in two, and he was otherwise badly treated. He ascertained that his assailant was a man named Batchelor, and the police evidence itself showed that in the course of the scrimmage following the assault it was considered desirable to escort Batchelor and his wife to the Butter Market for safety. Thereupon, Bates applied for a summons for the assault. This was not obtained, however, without considerable difficulty—owing mainly to the opposition of the Chief Constable for the borough, who had the audacity to intervene during the hearing of the application, with the remark, "I should like it to be thoroughly understood that this man will hold meetings in the Market Place on his sole responsibility; if he is assaulted, he must put up with it, for no policeman will be there to protect him"—thus giving colour to the view, very strongly entertained in Boston, that the police, acting under pressure from the Watch Committee, have "got their knife" into Mr. Bates and his friends. However, the summons was ultimately granted.

But when the due date for hearing came round, the Chief Constable informed the Bench that the summons had not yet been served, and so the matter stood adjourned, and in this way several weeks passed before the case was ultimately heard. When it did come on, Mr. Bates and his friends were not a little overawed and astounded to find that, what in ordinary circumstances would have been a mere charge of common assault, had aroused such interest amongst the magistrates, that no less than ten of them put in an appearance to adjudicate upon the matter.

And now what happened? It was said the man Batchelor had been served with the summons, but he was in the employ of the Deep Sea Fishing and Ice Co., and that he had been obliged to go to sea. In these circumstances, an application was made by his solicitor that the case should proceed *in his absence*. What then occurred is easily guessed. Witnesses were called on both sides, Mr. Bates and several people who were present at the meeting testifying to the assault—the police, on the other hand (for somehow or other, in this particular case, they saw everything which occurred), denying that it was Batchelor who committed the offence. Indeed, said one constable, he knew Batchelor to be a most respectable man, and, although he was taken away for safety, as a matter of fact he was practically doing nothing more than walking arm and arm with his wife throughout the entire disturbance!

In these circumstances, of course, everything turned upon the question of identity, and yet the Bench allowed the charge to proceed in the absence of the defendant. And, in the end, having "carefully considered the case," they found "the evidence very conflicting and the *identification of Batchelor very doubtful*, and under these circumstances they dismissed the case."

But whilst the police were busy trying to serve the summons upon the elusive Batchelor, they had time to keep a close observation upon Mr. Bates, with the result that they applied for, and, of course, obtained, a summons against him, in respect of a meeting he subsequently held, on the charge of obstructing the highway. Evidence was called to the effect that other meetings were allowed to be held in the same place, whilst witnesses of repute were also called to depose that no obstruction whatever had been caused.

Again the magistrates gave "careful consideration," but this time they found the evidence less conflicting. Indeed, they were satisfied that "a very considerable obstruction had taken place," and they fined the defendant 5s. and £3 7s. 6d. costs, or 14 days' imprisonment. Thereupon, Bates observed "I certainly shall not pay the fine. I shall go to prison as a protest against such injustice"—and to prison he went.

We are not surprised to hear that three of the magistrates have protested against the action of their colleagues.

Every reader must join us. See pages 356 and 357.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"Servitude" (Sisley's, 6s.) is a great improvement on Miss Irene Osgood's previous work. It is a thrilling story of the life of Christian slaves at Algiers nearly a hundred years ago, and the minute details do great credit to the author's patient industry. This is true realism, and reads more like a breathless history than a mere romance. If it had been written at the time when the Dey and his pirates were permitted to torture and bastinado British captives it would certainly have roused the whole nation—perhaps inspired a crusade. Miss Osgood possesses descriptive powers of a very high order, and has developed her chief characters very convincingly. Here is a striking picture of the treatment accorded to a Jamaica slave-owner:—

> Lewis had now to experience himself what in the slave-markets in Kingston he had so often watched with total indifference. He had to submit to being felt all over the body. He was ordered to open his mouth, while greasy and stinking fingers felt the surface of his teeth. Then he was stripped, totally naked, and ordered to run. He was a fat, puffy man, and when in response to a cut from a driving-whip he started forward on a gelatinous waddle, a shout of laughter ran round the market-place. When he was forced to jump, the laughter grew stronger.

His wife was sent to a harem and employed in fattening up thin daughters.

> One morning her mistress came in and began violently to abuse her. Seizing her daughter's meagre arm she shook it so that the bracelets and bangles clattered furiously, clamouring, as it were, the utter looseness of their fit. "What do you call this, you female dog?" cried the incensed and disappointed mother. . . . She was violent and most abusive. Obeying an order to descend into the court-yard of the house, Mrs. Lewis found two men awaiting her, with the falangue in their hands. This it will be remembered was the apparatus used for confining the feet and holding them in the proper position for the reception of the bastinado. Mrs. Lewis had seen it often enough to know what it portended. At this sight her dominant nature asserted itself. She became furious. "You dirty Moorish heathen," she cried, turning furiously upon her mistress. For an answer, her mistress gave a signal to the two men and pronounced the word "Fifty!" . . . Each stroke felt just as if a red-hot poker had been pressed upon her raw flesh. But she would not cry for pain. She continued to scream out insult and defiance. The pain grew intense, and then something seemed to give way in her breast; a mist came before her eyes. After that her feet seemed to grow insensible. She was just conscious that they were still beating her soles, but these were numbed.

The whole book is intensely dramatic.

"The New Dominion," by Arthur Wellesley Kipling (Griffiths: 6s.), is described as "A tale of to-morrow's wars," and I began by dreading one more of the endless yarns about German invasion. It turns out to be even worse, a Yankee war-scare about Japan. Most stories about the future are tedious, but I have never come across any quite so tedious as this. There is even an appendix containing "warship tables at different stages of war," and minute details of imaginary incidents are only relieved by such high-falutin twaddle as "the shadow of Old Glory, the flag that never goes back."

"The Surprising Husband," by Richard Marsh (Methuen: 6s.), is a story about some white parents who had a black baby. The father was, to all appearances, white, but he had a black strain in his pedigree, and it revealed itself unexpectedly. The developments are not quite so exciting as might be expected from a writer of Mr. Marsh's skill, but the book is well worth reading.

"Echoes from Kottabos," edited by R. Y. Tyrrell and Sir Edward Sullivan (Richards: 7s. 6d. net), is a collection of poems which were brought out in instalments some thirty years ago at Trinity College, Dublin. Few of the contributors have since become famous, and one of them is now justly forgotten. The humour which one would expect from young Irishmen is not much in evidence, and the poems are, for the most part, so childish and trivial that there cannot have been much object in re-printing them. The general effect is one of abortive attempts at the exhibition of non-existent cleverness.

"Defenders of our Empire" (The Naval and Military Press: 2s. 6d. net) is a new quarterly consisting of photographs and biographies of distinguished soldiers and sailors. The first number includes Lord Roberts and Lord Charles Beresford, and, of course, General Baden-Powell. It is a dull and unnecessary publication, which is not likely to survive very long.

A SHIP'S DOCTOR

Neurasthenia, Nervous Debility, Depression, Malaria—

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THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

A WEATHER PROPHET COME TO JUDGMENT.

I do not know whether you know, as I know, Mr. Hugh Clements. He is a gentleman who, during the last few years, has been making strenuous endeavour through the newspapers to achieve world-wide reputation as a weather prophet. Mr. Clements has now written a penny pamphlet, for which he charges one shilling, nett, explaining briefly that he is practically the only weather prophet who is worth a dam, all the others being spurious imitations. Being rather particular about my weather, it occurs to me, as it appears to have occurred to Clements himself, that he should be allowed to reorganise the Meteorological Office, and appointed permanent consultant in cases of doubt and difficulty. Clements' system of predicting weather is based on the tidal influences of the moon and the sun. I do not know what the Meteorological Office relies on, but rumour has it that its predictions are based on the sensitiveness of seaweed to atmospheric changes. A man has a song about this in the music-halls. When the seaweed is dry the sign is that the weather will not be wet, and when the seaweed is wet we may surmise that the weather will not be fine. I know other weather prophets who rely for storm signals wholly upon the callosities which afflict their toes. When their callosities are silent they know the weather will be lovely.

Whatever the basis of weather prophecy at the Meteorological Office may be, the judgment of Clements is that its predictions are a delusion and a snare. And, candidly, I incline to agree with him. You pick up a newspaper in order to discover what to-morrow will bring forth in the way of sun, rain, wind, snow, frost, or sleet, and learn that it will be fine generally, but that there will be rain in places (not divulged), with local fogs, locality not mentioned; or, on the other hand, that it will be fine, tending to rain, and doubtful later. On this system I do not think I should do amiss as a weather prophet myself. For instance, predicting the weather for next December I might say, "Rather cold; fogs and sleet in parts; damp underfoot if rain or snow; frosts probable sooner or later." Almost to a certainty I shall be right; and if I am not, it will at least be difficult to prove me wrong.

The gravamen of Clements' charge against the Meteorological Office is that it cannot predict weather because it does not know how. He says in effect that whenever the M.O. plumps for any special sort of weather on any particular day, it does not occur on that day, and the M.O. is merely in luck if it occurs the day after, when some other kind of weather is due according to the forecast. "Neither Dr. Shaw nor any member of his committee," he says, "knows anything of the laws regulating the weather, but they make a guess at it every 24 hours—heads or tails would answer better." This is certainly severe; and the only hope of salvation would appear to be that the Meteorological Office should lean up against Clements while Clements leans up against the sun and the moon.

Well, perhaps that is putting it rather too strongly. It is fair to him to say he admits that next week's or next month's weather has not always happened as he arranged; it has got lost or mixed up at least once or twice. I do not blame him for this, however; probably something happened to the sun or the moon owing to circumstances over which he had no control, or, as he himself expresses it with limpid clearness of phrase, to differences between the civil and astronomical day of twelve hours and the priming and lagging of the tide. This is only another illustration, by the way, of what a weather prophet with exclusive information has to put up with.

Nevertheless, what Clements wishes the Meteorological Office to get into its ill-conditioned brain is that his weather, when he is in good form, is a thoroughly reliable article, and not an imposture and a fraud. It is true to name and colour, like the twopenny carnations you buy on the doorstep. He gives particulars in proof. He says that for a given month he has predicted the number of days upon which rain would fall in London; that he has correctly predicted Indian monsoons without taking the Indian Ocean into account; and, I presume, if put to it, he could accurately predict Yankee blizzards without taking Roosevelt into account, and earthquakes without consulting the Emperor of Japan. "Thousands of times," he says, "I have predicted London weather for long periods without ever thinking of the Atlantic Ocean." If he would only predict Timbuctoo weather without speaking disrespectfully of the Equator, and Jerusalem weather without thinking of Jericho, I take it that he would put the coping stone on his conspicuous career.

What pleases me about Clements is that he offers to make the rough places plain and the crooked ways straight for the Meteorological Office free gratis and for nothing. The M.O. costs this country £15,000 a year, and, with all deference to Dr. Shaw and his coadjutors, I doubt whether such a vast quantity of unveracious and ambiguous weather could be purchased in any other country for the money. Obviously it is the duty of the Government to let him have the sun and the moon and tides to play with, and I can see no reason why he should not have the stars as well.

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HE. My Doctor says they are HARMLESS on account of their ABSOLUTE PURITY.

AMONG THE MUMMERS

"The Man in the Iron Mask."

Messrs. Smith and Carpenter have shown that they know their business by coming to London, quite unknown men with no metropolitan experience, taking over a derelict theatre and turning it into "a little gold-mine." Their intention to produce a new play on the old mystery of "The Man in the Iron Mask" at the Lyceum, is of a piece with their previous judgments of the popular demand. Such a play, presuming that it is worth calling a play at all, can hardly fail of a huge success. The bent of the working-class and middle-class patrons of the London theatres just now is strongly toward picturesque drama. If you live in Battersea, or Bloomsbury, or even in Bedford Park, and work hard all day, you may be excused if at night you wish to forget that there are such things as problems and irksome tasks and dull streets. Romantic melodrama helps to this oblivion, and where the dramatist can get romance and crime and a good *role*—especially a dual *role*—for the leading actor all packed into one melodrama, he has gone far toward success.

The Corsican Brothers.

I was sorry to see Mr. Martin Harvey relying on "The Corsican Brothers" at the Adelphi, but ancient fustian though it is, if one measures it with the modern artistic tape, the secret of its popularity and its renewed possibilities in the hands of Mr. Harvey is easily discovered. In view of the recent investigations of the wonders of telepathy, quite up-to-date persons may be interested scientifically in parts of the old play that were sheer desperate imagination when they were written; but it is the Corsican criminality and colour that give the play its hold on the common people—these and the effective opportunities it offers to the romantic actor.

The Lyons Mail.

Mr. H. B. Irving again is reviving "The Lyons Mail"—more crime, more picturesqueness, more duality. I regret that Mr. Irving is resorting to the paternal rubbish-bag for the wherewithal to make up a repertory—he is ordering new plays, too, I am happy to say; but here also the cause of attraction of the elderly drama for the crowd is obvious. Lesurques and Dubosc were among the most weird creations of Sir Henry, and Mr. H. B. will probably double the parts only less well.

Morals and Charity.

An old friend of mine is fond of saying that English morality is a "dam rum thing"; and the more I see of it—and there is quite a lot of it lying about just now—the more I am inclined to agree with him. A few years ago one would not have been surprised at the more squeamish sort of Briton had he objected to public performances of "Ghosts": I have an idea that the Lord Chamberlain still objects to its public performance, but I am not quite sure. If he does he ought not to do so. I have seen the play two or three times in various languages, and have read it in French and English, and my moral withers are more or less as usual notwithstanding. Anyone who could be adversely affected by it ought to be subjected to medical treatment at once: it is just possible that a few people would be the better for seeing it. The play is not a favourite of mine, and it is not one of the best of Ibsen's. But finely acted, it is worth seeing; and Mrs. Theodore Wright is probably as excellent a Mrs. Alvings as the other ladies I have seen in the *role*. But Bradford, some think, is in too parlous a state to see "Ghosts," even in the sacred cause of charity and to maintain its especial purity of mind and body. One Neilson proposed to stage "Ghosts" in Bradford on behalf of the local infirmary, but the infirmary authorities refused to accept the profits of the performance "because they object to the morality of the play." At least, so says "Nemo," in the columns of a Yorkshire paper, and other correspondents back him up. I am glad to hear that the play will be done willy-nilly at the Arts Club; and I feel sure that rather than allow the infirmary to suffer financially, the gentlemen who object to receiving a donation from the profits of the production will put their hands in their own pockets and make up such sum as the entertainment was estimated to yield.

Little Tich and the Public.

Little Tich deserves the thanks of the public for the action he is taking to prevent his name and that of other well-known entertainers from being used on posters outside places of entertainment at which they are not performing. It is bad enough to go to a theatre to see some particular mime and to be fudged off without due notice given, with an understudy, or to get to a hall to see a special turn and to find only a deputy. It is worse to go into a hall and find only a picture or an "imitator" of the artiste it is desired to see. Of late a system has grown up of printing the names of popular performers in huge letters outside variety palaces and of printing in microscopic type the names of their imitators, or the fact that the moving picture and the tin-voice are doing the trick. Or as in a case at Liverpool lately the name of a famous dancer is used prominently, and the circumstance that only a pupil of hers is appearing is stated more modestly. This is elementary swindling; and Little Tich should be commended for heading a vigorous campaign against it.

P.

P.S.—Mr. A. E. Pickard has not yet sent along that £1,000.

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A.B. SULLIVAN

AN ADMIRALTY MUDDLE.

WHO IS TO BLAME FOR DOVER?

The Admiralty's work in the direction of creating new bases and harbours for the Fleet seems to be watched by an evil eye. The tale of misfortunes—to use the kindest word—commenced with Gibraltar ten years ago; their experience with Rosyth has been even more unsatisfactory, the land being purchased five years ago and scarcely anything done since; but the greatest of all the white elephants promises to be Dover. A great "national harbour of refuge" was to be created here, and the Naval Works Act of 1903 appropriated three and a half millions sterling for the undertaking, which was to be completed in 1907-8. All went well at first—so well that the annual estimates were exceeded in consequence of more progress being made than had been anticipated; but for the last three years there has been nothing but the making and unmaking of mistakes. In the first place, the moorings for ships (it should have been possible to berth over seventy warships in the harbour last year) were placed too close together. So they were taken up; but when they were relaid it was found that the bottom had silted up so much that there was not enough water for large vessels to float; so they were taken up again, and those in charge are in a state of frienzied excitement—commonly called "panic" in the Navy—because the Admiralty have given peremptory orders for six moorings for battleships to be prepared by the first of January.

The cause of the silting up of the harbour is the wrong construction of the entrances, which have been so designed as to gather into themselves the full strength of the strong currents which sweep through the Straits. The Admiralty were warned by local pilots that this would be the case, before the work was commenced, and they were further advised by naval officers that the scheme was faulty. Unfortunately for the country, the pilots were not Service men, and the warning officers were junior men with less than four stripes on their arms; so no notice was taken.

Some little time ago the Admiralty, stirred by the confession of consulting engineers, endeavoured to get some of those despised juniors to take over the work, to undo the muddle of their plans and the incompetence of those in charge. Why they were not successful is best known to My Lords. Suffice it to say that class prejudice and a desire to save a couple of hundred a year on the Navy wages vote were responsible for the continuance of the old order, with all its attendant waste and incompetence.

It is time someone was brought to book over Dover. According to official statements the estimate of 1903 still stands good; that is, although the work is lasting for at least two years longer than was at first intended, there is supposed to have been no additional cost to the country. It is hard to believe.

The date now given for the completion of the harbour is 1909-10; as a matter of fact it will never be finished unless it is pulled down and started afresh with capable men in charge. The design of the entrances ensures that there will always be tons of sand sweeping into the harbour, and fifty thousand a year will not suffice to keep it clear.

There is an ironical note, too, about the description of the place as a "national harbour of refuge." The enclosure of the harbour was completed last year; and the first thing done afterwards by the Admiralty was to issue a notice to mariners stating that it was dangerous to attempt to enter the harbour in heavy weather, and that the feat was not to be attempted. It is precisely during heavy weather, of course, that a harbour of refuge is wanted.

TWO QUESTIONS FOR MINISTERS.

On the reassembling of Parliament, Mr. Bottomley proposes to ask the following questions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Postmaster-General respectively:—

(1) "Whether, as regards the first half of the current financial year, the revenue from the alcoholic group of taxes continues on the downward course indicated by the last Budget statement."

(2) "Whether, in view of the fact that the recent large increase of profits upon postal orders is stated by him to have been mainly due to 'Limerick' competitions, and having regard to the fact that such competitions have now been declared by the High Court to have been lotteries, he proposes to retain, for the purposes of the public service, the profits made by his Department in connection with such lotteries."

HOTEL SERVANTS AND THEIR GRIEVANCES.

By A Head Waiter.

The increased comfort and magnificence of London hotels during recent years has been very striking, but the distinguished visitors who frequent them would be vastly surprised if they could see what goes on beneath the surface. A mistaken sense of economy has induced the directors to employ French or German managers, who, in their turn, give the preference to cheap foreign servants. These alien immigrants are ready to work for very little money and to put up with anything in the way of food and accommodation.

Let us leave the gilded saloons with their thick carpets and soft settees, and step down to the basement. The servants' hall consists of two badly-ventilated rooms with bare cement walls and floors covered with sawdust. One room is for the waiters, a larger one for the rest of the staff, with the exception of the women, who feed at the top of the building. A grubby Italian acts as waiter, and is usually known as the usher.

Breakfast consists of bread and rancid butter, washed down with tea, which tastes of the tin urn from which it is drawn. It is usually allowed to stand a long time until it is not only rank but nearly cold. Afternoon tea is merely a repetition of breakfast. If any of the servants weary of the monotony of this diet, they may purchase extra luxuries from the usher, who buys scraps from the waiters and keeps them locked up in a cupboard. The usher's wages are only from five to ten shillings a week, and he has to depend upon what he can make out of the other servants. Accordingly, on Saturdays and Sundays he passes a plate round, and woe betide those who give nothing, for their dinner will be uneatable.

In any case, it is not a very attractive meal to a fastidious Englishman. No table-cloth is used, and, after each batch the usher wipes the table down with a dirty cloth. The meal begins with a horrible soup composed of waste stock, and the refuse of vegetables, not excepting cabbage leaves such as only pigs would relish. The soup resembles nothing so much as greasy bilge-water, but the foreign staff seem to like it, for they usually accept a second helping. Then comes a stew composed of odd pieces of meat with macaroni or lentils, or potatoes.

Each man receives two pints of beer a day, and it costs from eighteen to twenty shillings per barrel of thirty-six gallons. Most Englishmen find themselves obliged to supplement the food provided for them in these hotels, that is to say if they can afford it, for their wages are only from five to fifteen shillings a week, and they have to beg from the visitors to eke this out.

Now as to the sharing of tips. In the dining-room the money received by the waiters is always placed in a box and counted out at the end of each day. The superintendent as a rule takes two shares, the head waiter who looks after six tables one share, the under-waiters who do practically all the work half a share, and the new waiters, who are merely boys, only a quarter of a share. On the average, a share may be estimated at about ten shillings. From this the manager deducts ten per cent. for breakages.

Other hotels have different ways of preying upon the waiters. In one place they take everything over £20 a week; in another, where there are nine waiters, the hotel takes £9 per week all the year round, whatever the amount of the tips may be. This money is supposed to go towards providing uniforms, but surely these are an indispensable article as well as a good advertisement for the hotel. Various rules govern the distribution of the tips among porters, liftmen, etc. In some places the money given to luggage porters has to be handed over to the head porter or placed in a box. He distributes it at the end of the week, retaining the lion's share himself. His position is always the most coveted in a hotel, and it is not unusual for him to receive from £6 to £10 a week in the season, and not less than £5 at other times.

The female staff fare better in the matter of food and cleanliness, and a chambermaid is usually better off in the way of money than a girl in business. The head servants of each department are also well cared for, and enjoy the best of food with claret or bottled beer to drink. But the condition of the lower servants remains a disgrace. In conclusion, a word must be said in condemnation of agencies for providing hotel servants with situations. In very many cases they are absolute swindles.

We should like you to have an interest in "John Bull." See pages 356 and 357.

"CANADIAN EMIGRANTS, BEWARE!"

THE CANADIAN SUPERINTENDENT'S REPLY—AND OUR REJOINDER.

In our issue of September 26th we illustrated the working of the law and regulations of Canada respecting emigration and immigrants by the case of a man who, with his wife and family, was sent back to this country on the plea that he was suffering from hereditary insanity, and unable to support his wife and family—both allegations being, as we alleged, untrue. We have since received a reply to this article from Mr. Obed Smith, of the Canadian Emigration Department:—

September 24th, 1908.

Dear Sir,—In your issue of the 26th instant you favour your readers with a two-column article regarding a case of deportation of a man and his family from Canada, and vouch for the truth thereof. Hitherto we have refused to be drawn into a newspaper controversy by a so-called friend of this unfortunate family, because we felt nothing could be more unkind than to spread their disabilities upon the pages of a public journal, and you agree apparently, for you hide their identity under a different name. If you care to have one of your sub-editors call and see the papers in our possession, I think you will agree with the position taken.

If we can show from previous family history, and the man's own actions, reasonable grounds for believing that the head of this family was tainted with insanity, and he was therefore unable to provide for his family, you will, I am sure, be willing to admit that the kindest course was to do as the Government did, *upon the request of the man himself, i.e.*, return him to his friends in London, without cost. In other words, because the Government has acted in a humanitarian spirit in this case, the person who gives you the garbled information has for reasons well known to himself, but which we can guess at, undertaken to raise a controversy with the Canadian Government.

Under these circumstances, I much regret the expression of opinion which you have been pleased to give in your columns after having heard only one side of the story, and trust in all fairness you will be willing to publish this communication.—Yours faithfully,

Obed Smith,
Assistant Superintendent of Emigration.

We thought it right to give Mr. Ormonde—the returned emigrant concerned—the opportunity of reading Mr. Smith's letter, and his reply is as follows:—

September 30th, 1908.

Sir,—May I be allowed to thank you for your article in your issue of 26th inst., calling attention to the Canadian Immigrants' Deportation Act, and particularly to the wrongful and harsh administration of it in my own case? The friend mentioned in this article has told me of the allegation of the Canadian Emigration Department at Charing Cross that I and my wife and five children were sent back to England at my request. I desire to give this allegation an emphatic denial, and to state that the action taken by the authorities in kicking us out of Canada was diametrically opposed to my wishes, in defiance of my strong protest, and a direct breach of the promise made that we should be retained in the country. In the meantime, I am directly £120 out of pocket. I have been for nine months almost without employment, I am under the Canadian ban of lunacy, as well as suffering from the indignity of wrongful imprisonment and the false declaration that I and my wife and five children were destitute and dependent upon public charity for existence. The friend referred to has tried in vain for nine months to get an explanation of the matter, which at last is met by the unfounded statement that we were sent home at my request.—Your obedient servant,

The Man who was Deported.

It will be observed that in his reply Mr. Smith suggests that the friend to whom we referred, without naming him, in our article, and who has championed the cause of Mr. Ormonde, was moved by interested motives to say the thing that is not. We thought it therefore only right to forward to this gentleman a copy of Mr. Smith's letter for any observations he may desire to make. His reply is:—

72, Norroy Road, Putney, S.W.,
September 30th, 1908.

Dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for sending me the letter which the article in your issue of the 26th inst. has elicited from the Canadian Emigration Office at Charing Cross, and which, so far as it is personal to myself, demands this reply.

This letter was not, perhaps, intended for my eyes, but to have withheld it would have been contrary to the ethics of a journal which "hits hard but never below the belt."

I must express my surprise that a gentleman holding the important post of Assistant Superintendent of Emigration for Canada should, after refusing for nine months to give information most respectfully asked for, and to which I have an undoubted right, has now, under the compulsion of the publication of your article, thought fit to adopt an attitude of personal abuse, and insinuation of unworthy motive, towards myself. It is hard to imagine how one entrusted with this high office can have so failed in right judgment as, in the absence of any other defence, to have descended to the mean level of "No case, abuse the other side."

Mr. Obed Smith's letter will appear to your readers, as no doubt it was intended, to discredit me, and to impute that "for reasons best known to himself, but which can be easily guessed," I have *posed* as "friend" to a man between whom and myself there has been unbroken mutual affection and confidence for seven years. Now, Sir, this imputation is so grave that if anyone dared to make it personally I should deem it my duty to correct him by such corporal punishment as I am able to administer.

If Mr. Obed Smith can so easily "guess" will he put the process in motion, and have the courage to let you and me and your readers know the result? Is it possible—but perish the thought—that the Canadian Government has a heart so puny, a brain so narrow and confined, that it cannot conceive of a man taking the part of his friend, unless he has the ulterior motive of securing the almighty dollar for himself? This may be, I am told it is, the Canadian principle, and after the way my friend, to say nothing of myself, has been treated by these demonstrators of Canadian honour and conduct in London, I am almost persuaded to believe it. But, Sir, it is *not English*—let us hope and pray it will receive Canadian repudiation.

Let me say, Sir, in conclusion, that the course I have taken in this case is pursuant to a line of conduct which I have always understood to be a cherished characteristic of every man worthy of the title of Englishman. Notwithstanding Mr. Obed Smith and his vile insinuations, I shall still endeavour, as occasion arises, and my strength permits, to help a man when he's down—especially when he has been cruelly knocked down.—I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

Augustus Sturcke.

We await Mr. Obed Smith's rejoinder.

MEN WHO MAKE ENGLAND WHAT IT IS.

CARL OLSEN, A.B.

There's not a shore in Christendom,
  Nor any heathen coast,
That does not watch our shipping come
  To fill our ancient boast;
From Riga's sullen waterway
  To Rio's sunlit strand—
The finest, fattest rates they pay
  The British ships command.

'Tis said our ships have British crews
  Those men of bulldog strain;
Whose virtues the blue-water muse
  Has not enshrined in vain!
Their names may falter on our lips,
  But well we know the breed;
'Tis that which manned Red Eric's ships—
  Which served King Olaf's need!

They may not know our native speech,
  But little that avails,
For British coin those regions reach
  Where Esperanto fails;
And if to Polly, Sue or Bet
  Fall circumstances mean,
There's hope for blue-eyed Olga yet
  And flaxen-haired Christine!

Who sleeps in old Ben Bobstay's berth?
  And what are Ben's pursuits?
And where does Bill Blake walk the earth?
  And who's in Bill's sea-boots?
The questions wait, but let us raise
  No discontented snarl;
Our heritage from ancient days
  Is well upheld by Carl!

As Dibdin crooned, with pensive lyre,
  O'er Tom's recumbent hulk;
As Campbell sang, with bardic fire,
  Of Glory!—in the bulk;
So we invoke, in later days,
  A sea-born Avatar
Unknown, unsung in classic lays—
  Carl Olsen!—British Tar!

Mark Lane.

An opportunity to become a newspaper proprietor. See pages 356 and 357.

SHOULD WE BEAT GERMANY?—I.

BRITISH AND GERMAN ARMIES AND METHODS COMPARED.

By One Who Has Served Under Both.

The Writer's Qualifications as Critic.

At the present time, when Englishmen of all shades of political opinion are contemplating the possibility, if not the probability, of war with Germany, and seriously questioning themselves as to what would be the outcome of such a struggle, it might not be out of place to attempt to draw an unprejudiced comparison between the wars carried on by the two countries in South Africa during the past decade. I would at the outset state that though not a professional soldier, I joined one of the Colonial Corps of Irregular Horse at the commencement of the Anglo-Boer War and practically served throughout the campaign, first under the late General Buller in his Natal Campaign, and later in the Orange River and Cape Colonies; so that I may claim, I think, to have seen something of our troops in the field and under varying conditions. As regards the German operations in their Colony in South-West Africa against the Hottentots, I saw service with them in various capacities, but mainly as Chief Intelligence Officer on the southern border of their Colony, which post I only vacated because I was definitely ordered to utilise Cape Colonial territory for scouting purposes, a proceeding which would have been a direct contravention of the position of neutrality assumed by Cape Colony and would have laid me open to immediate arrest by the authorities of that Colony.

The Two Wars.

Let us first briefly consider the causes which brought about the two wars we are comparing. Few Englishmen, I imagine, can be ignorant of the causes which led up to the Anglo-Boer War, and whatever may be their opinions as to whether the war was a justifiable one or not in the first instance, still fewer, I feel sure, will deny that, rightly or wrongly, we embarked on that war to uphold a principle. The primary cause leading up to Germany's war with the Herreros, or, as I prefer to call them, the Hottentots—for though the war originated with the Herreros, it soon degenerated into a struggle against no one tribe but a combination of the dissatisfied from among many tribes, with the addition of a sprinkling of irreconcilable natives from Cape Colony, a rabble such as it would be impossible to find outside South Africa—was, however, of a far different character, and would have been farcical in the extreme had it not entailed such serious consequences.

A Tribal Custom.

Great Namaqualand—or, as it is now more generally called, German South-West Africa—was formerly peopled by a number of native tribes, nearly all of nomadic habits, and as is the case in all such native countries, tribal habits and customs were observed among the natives themselves with the greatest strictness. Amongst these unwritten laws was one which decreed that when any tribe or members of a tribe wished to pass through the territory occupied by a neighbouring tribe, they should pay, as tribute, a certain proportion of the live stock, whatever they might be, which they were taking with them. As far as one can gather, this system of tribute had worked well enough, because amongst a constantly shifting population: what one tribe lost to-day they gained again to-morrow.

The Origin of the German War.

Soon after Germany had established military posts in various parts of the country, a native wished to visit some friends at a distance, and took with him four goats. On his journey he was obliged to cross the territory of another tribe, who naturally demanded, as of right, their tribute. The traveller, however, demurred, and eventually one of his four goats was taken from him despite his protests, and he continued his journey. Being, perhaps, blessed with rather more than the average native's share of cunning, he went to the nearest German military post and detailed his grievance. All would have been well had the officer in charge been imbued with a little common-sense. This, however, was not the case. He immediately construed the occurrence into an insult to Germany, and sent out a sergeant's patrol with a demand that the chief of the offending tribe should report himself at the fort without delay to stand his trial. This the chief declined to do, and the sergeant was perforce obliged to return bearing this answer. A lieutenant in command of a larger force was then dispatched to the recalcitrant chief. This youth, being of a choleric disposition, and the chief again refusing to go to the fort, drew his revolver and shot the chief as he stood at the door of his hut. The tribesmen retaliated as soon as they saw their leader killed, with the result that the lieutenant and several of his party were killed. Thus began a war which has cost Germany some hundreds of lives and millions of pounds, and which dragged on year after year until the death of Marengo, the natives' champion, about whom I shall have more to say hereafter, left the Hottentots without a real leader, with the natural result that they split up into numerous small parties, wandering about the country and only desirous of peace.

The Sixty Hostages.

Naturally the death of a German officer and several soldiers at the hands of the natives, induced Germany to take the initiative, and equally naturally the natives banded together for mutual protection. The paramount chief, Witbooi by name, took the field, old as he was, at the head of his tribesmen, probably at this time some three thousand in number. Desultory fighting went on for some twelve months, neither side being able to claim any real advantage. Certainly the nature of the country in that part, the North-east corner of the Colony, was all against the German troops, who not only had to contend with transport difficulties, but were also obliged to penetrate a waterless, sandy desert before they could get into touch with their enemy, whereas the Herrero finds no discomfort at all in being obliged to pass twenty-four hours without water. Eventually Witbooi was induced to give up the struggle, under conditions which were by no means ungenerous, but in order that he might be compelled to hold to his bargain Germany demanded that he should give as hostages some sixty of his chief headmen, who were promised fair treatment as long as they remained hostages within the German lines. This condition he complied with, and apparently the war was at an end. But it was very far from being so in reality. News, as it always does among native tribes, travels far and fast, and information soon began to trickle through to their friends that all was not well with the hostages. Eventually the trickle became a stream, until the suspicion that all the sixty were dead became, to the native mind at least, a certainty. How they died I have never heard, but the fact that none of them ever returned to their homes was more than sufficient to arouse the suspicions, never dead, of the native mind, and this once done, as I am sure all who know anything of the African native in his untutored state will agree, it becomes almost impossible to ever again lull them to rest.

Another De Wet.

However, with the opportunity came the man. Marengo was not a Herrero but a Damara, the tribe who of all others are looked upon by the Germans as "tame" Kaffirs; that is to say, that nearly all the native camp servants are of that tribe, and I think it would be safe to assert that all the native police, without exception, and there are many of these native police in the towns, are Damaras. This man Marengo had for years worked in the copper mines at O'okiep, in Cape Colony, and had learnt to speak both English and Dutch. It is said that amongst the sixty who never returned were several close relatives of his; whether this is so or not, Marengo crossed the border into German territory, and immediately began a campaign of his own against the Germans. The daring of the proceeding may be gathered from the fact that at this time Germany had in the neighbourhood of 20,000 troops in the country, with plenty of artillery and all the most up-to-date equipment in the way of wireless telegraphy and so on, whereas Marengo, who, by the way, was not even a petty chief in his own right, took the field against them with eleven followers, five rifles, and nine rounds of ammunition. Then began one of the most marvellous pieces of guerilla warfare which has ever been recorded. Little by little Marengo added to his force of men; by daring swoops on to convoys and isolated military posts he soon was able to equip his force with serviceable military rifles and plenty of ammunition, until in a very few months he was the bugbear of the whole German Army in very much the same manner as De Wet was to the English.

Marengo made his headquarters in the very rugged and mountainous country on the banks of the Orange River, and a better place from which to carry on guerilla warfare can hardly be imagined. Here let us leave him for a while.

(To be continued.)

For particulars of "John Bull's" six per cents., see pages 356 and 357.

THE LOWER ORDERS.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

Nowadays there are probably three nations in this country which, owing to the poverty of the language, are commonly known as the Upper, Middle and Lower Classes. They reside in realms with very definite frontiers which are hardly ever traversed; they know nothing of one another; consciously or unconsciously, they are always at war; never, by any possibility, can they amalgamate between now and the Day of Judgment. This is a very lamentable state of things, and the man who would devise a means of altering it would be the greatest benefactor the human race has ever known.

The Riches of the Poor.

I suppose some Socialists will be very angry with me for presuming to breathe the phrase Lower Orders. They are in the habit of qualifying it with the epithet so-called. I hasten, therefore, to proclaim that I am not dreaming of suggesting anything derogatory. I would call my subject The Poor, only that might be no less disliked, and at the same time would be less accurate, for the property demarcation is rather accidental than essential. Indeed, I have always contended that the rich poor are far happier and better-off than the poor rich. Take the case of a working man earning two or three pounds a week. He is not expected to keep up the appearances which are demanded of a clerk with the same income. If he wore a silk hat or a black coat, his acquaintances would bombard him with ridicule and brickbats. If he did not restrict himself to an humble home and plain fare, he would at once become an object of suspicion, as though he claimed to be too good for his place and his fellows. It is, therefore, perfectly easy for him to keep well within his income.

The Edge of the Precipice.

On the other hand, what anxieties he must have! There is scarcely ever a very strong barrier between him and utter disaster. An illness occurs, or a strike, or merely a depression of trade, and he is suddenly reduced from affluence to beggary. One by one the little treasures of his home are sold at a sacrifice, or taken round to the pawnbroker; his modest luxuries, rarely extending beyond beer and tobacco, are abandoned; his meals grow scantier and scantier at the very time when he most needs to be fortified for his struggle against adversity. There is no one to fall back upon or to lend a strong helping hand, and soon he sees no refuge but the poor-house, from which he will not readily emerge.

The Publicity of Poverty.

I often think that the lower classes should be re-named the better classes. When we remember the vigour and variety of the temptations which assail the poor, it is a standing miracle that they should be generally successful in maintaining their integrity. Let us reflect, moreover, what a fierce light beats upon the slums. The lives of the poor are passed in the full glare of publicity; every little action is observed and criticised by the whole neighbourhood. You cannot beat your wife, or come home drunk, or engage in a brawl without the fact becoming public property at once. A noble lord or a smug tradesman may be guilty of violence, intemperance and infidelity for years, and, if he only exercise ordinary prudence, there will never be the faintest whisper of his laxity. A well-known Labour leader once remarked to me what a huge handicap he had found the utter absence of privacy in his efforts to improve himself. When he wanted to read improving books, or prepare speeches, or even indulge in five minutes of meditation, he was hard put to it to escape from children and neighbours and all the various disturbing elements of close quarters.

Police Persecution.

The publicity of a poor man's life invites the inordinate attention of the police. The private indiscretions of the well-to-do are allowed to pass unnoticed; but, if a poor man has an extra glass of beer and becomes garrulous, he runs a grave risk of being locked up as drunk and disorderly, whereas no one intereferes with the man in the big house who drinks a bottle of whisky and spends his nights under the dining-room table. Similarly with questions of probity. Most of the people who go to prison for debt belong to the lower classes. The smallest piece of sharp practice is immediately treated as fraud, and visited with the utmost rigours of the law. On the other hand, creditors are far more indulgent towards members of the upper classes. There is usually a vague hope that money will be found some day to satisfy a claim. In cases of flagrant dishonesty there is always a readiness to hush up a charge, because friends or relations are more easily found to come to the rescue. Magistrates and juries are more tolerant towards the upper classes, because they reflect that, while the poor prisoner loses his liberty, the rich one loses caste as well. It is utterly idle and ridiculous and imbecile to deny that there is one law for the rich and one for the poor.

The Optimism of the Oppressed.

In many ways, the lower class is certainly the better class. You find far more generosity. While a man with ten thousand pounds at the bank will hesitate to pull out a five-pound note to help a friend, the man who does not know where his next meal is coming from may be trusted to share his last kipper with a stranger. After a long acquaintance with the character and habits of the poor, I still continue to be amazed by their wonderful goodness to one another. It is not merely a question of material benevolence. They are far more indulgent and human, far quicker to make allowances, far broader in mind than those whom the Prayer Book teaches them to regard as their betters. But I am not sure that they always apply this attitude outside their own sphere. I think they are sometimes unduly harsh and suspicious towards people whom the accident of birth has endowed with money or education or luxurious natures. I do not blame them for it. They have been oppressed and ground down too long; they have been set all the disagreeable tasks; they have had only husks for their reward. If ever envy can be excusable, it must be regarded as perfectly natural in their case. Now, however, that they are almost within sight of the golden age when they can command their rights, when all privilege and persecution and injustice will be swept away, they may, perhaps, afford to remember that others beside themselves possess feelings and hopes and fears and prejudices, which are entitled to respect.

The Single Shortcoming.

It is very difficult to analyse the precise qualities of mind which differentiate the three nations. I have now said so many pretty things about the sterling qualities of the lower orders, that I hope even the most bigoted democrat will not be angry with me if I speak plainly. With all their charm and courage and optimism and altruism, the lower classes are not yet perfect. Their comparative emancipation is of very recent date, and they have behind them all the traditions, all the inherited instincts of near ancestors who were little better than serfs. I have often observed in the case of newly-emancipated nations, like the Bulgarians, that they find it very difficult to shake off old habits of furtiveness. I do not, of course, suggest for a moment that the British working man is afflicted in any way by degrading characteristics of this kind, but he certainly retains a strong natural impulse to mistrust members of another class. This may, perhaps, be explained, to a great extent, by the fact that he does not understand them.

Another Race, Another Tongue.

It is necessary to live in close contact with the lower orders for some time, in order to begin to realise the complete difference of their race. Of course, you will perceive at once that they speak quite another tongue. They have a strange, simple grammar of their own, and, though we in our pride regard it merely as a collection of mistakes, it seems to follow certain rules which have been handed down Heaven knows whence, and modified Heaven knows how. I wish some philologist would explain to me why they use the past participle instead of the preterite (I done for I did, I seen for I saw, etc.). They use a very small number of dictionary words, perhaps not more than 500 or 1,000 in all, but they possess words of their own, many of them quite unintelligible to us unless we have made a special study. We are in the habit of dismissing these as slang, but they are quite unlike our own slang, and may almost claim to rank as vernacular. Then there are the accent and intonation, which other classes would find more difficult to acquire than those of a foreign language.

The Joys of Irresponsibility.

The point of view, again, is entirely different. What would be regarded as an unpardonable offence among gentlemen is comparatively venial in the opinion of the masses. They do not realise the delicate gradations of ethics, but see only the great, broad lines which distinguish right from wrong, according to their lights. The limitations of their education debar them from all the finer emotions, the more subtle speculations, the complexities and perplexities of life. They spend their days in a sort of twilight, losing much of the colour and fragrance and music of existence, but escaping at the same time the horrors of imagination, the terrors of anticipation, the curse which is involved in the possession of a sensitive Soul.

Will you share with us the profits of "John Bull"? See pages 356 and 357.

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To D. S. Windell, The Banks, Chislehurst.

Sir,—The above address ought to find you, even if the police fail to. Undoubtedly you are a smart man, but none of us is perfect, and I know a certain bank manager who believes that, given the opportunity, he could make you a smarter. Although I cannot approve of your methods—excellent as they were of their kind—I recognise that out of the evil you have done, good may come. Your amusing exposure of how easily the bankers may be fleeced, will possibly—I wish I could say probably—arouse them to a sense of their shortcomings. The time is long past when our banks should have abandoned motheaten tradition, and commenced to conduct their affairs on the latest business methods, and with up-to-date appliances. The telephone, for instance, would not only completely upset such very practical jokes as the one you played so successfully, but save a vast amount of time and labour into the bargain; yet even the Bank of England does not appear in the telephone directory. I have, myself, a little bone to pick with the banking fraternity, as perhaps you know, but that—as a minor poet is fond of saying—is another story. For the rest, you are clearly a man of wits, and wit, as your choice of a pen-name shows—a choice which has provided us with a hearty laugh in the Silly Season—and if I cannot endorse your drafts on the branch banks you patronised, I must, at least, admire your bloomin' cheek.

John Bull.

To Lord Rosslyn, Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, London.

My dear Lord,—What luck that in playing your infallible roulette system the £10,000 in counters did not represent genuine coin of the realm—belonging to other people.

I have read in one of the standard works of reference that though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. Though you have been playing roulette systems all your life, at Monte Carlo and elsewhere, up to date I have not heard that you walk along the Bois Boulogne with an independent air; that you hear the girls declare, "He must be a millionaire"; that you can hear them sigh, and wish to die, and see them wink the (other) eye at the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. In truth, my dear lord, it is the bank that breaks the man at Monte Carlo.

Each one of your systems has had the bottom knocked out of it in turn. Sometimes you have played with your own money. Sometimes you have played with other people's money; and if you had broken the Maxim bank I have no doubt that several of the eternal multitude of fools would have entrusted you with capital to experiment in the *salles de joie*. As it is, may I venture to hope that you will cease to be an ass? Monte Carlo is paved with systems. The administration loves and yearns for men with systems. What it does not welcome, in quite the same effusive way, is the casual stranger who walks in, drops down a louis, continues to play as long as he wins, and when he begins to lose picks up his little hoard, puts it in his pocket, sends it home to mother, and then settles down to listen to the music.

It has been explained over and over again why systems are powerless against the bank, and I shall not add to the sum of human weariness. My estimable *collaborateur*, Jim Crow, takes with him at least one infallible system of his own every time he goes to Monte Carlo, and there are occasions when he takes several. But the bank gets him right down to his bare railway fare home every time, and they would get that, too, if he did not leave it in charge of my cashier. No, my dear lord, take it from Jim and me, that you are up against a difficult proposition. Wherefore this is to advise you, my dear lord, to continue playing systems with counters, nuts, or any other mental stimulant which comes handy, but never, never, never with gold, silver, or precious stones—at any rate, unless they belong to other people.

John Bull.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Ley, 1st North Staffordshire Regiment, Aldershot.

Warrior,—Permit me to offer you a word of congratulation on the fact that you have not been severely dealt with over that cat affair. This is due, no doubt, to a fortuitous combination of circumstances. In the first place, when charged with having maliciously killed the cat, the magistrates apparently took note of the fact that you were not an ordinary person, but an officer holding high commission in His Majesty's Army; and, in the second place, they were that notorious bench of Aldershot to whose eccentricities of justice I had to call the attention of the Home Secretary only last week. To give you an idea of what might have happened to you had you been someone less exalted, I may point out that in another case the Aldershot bench gave a starving pedlar a month for stealing five penn'orth of His Majesty's murphies, and fourteen days for illegally partaking of the tit-bits of a swill tub.

Now, my gallant warrior, I put it to you, as a problem in the higher mathematics, if a starving pedlar gets a month for stealing five penn'orth of royal potatoes, and fourteen days for burgling a swill tub, what would a Lieutenant-Colonel be likely to get for maliciously and ferociously killing a drummer's cat—if he had been a drummer? You may have heard that in this country, and more especially in the seats of judgment at Aldershot, there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. This is painfully inaccurate. The law is the same for everybody, but the poor get it in the biggest quantities.

I crave leave to refresh your memory, gallant colonel. You were riding down the lines of the Scots Guards. A party of drummers under a tree were watching a cat they had befriended playing with her kittens. One of the dogs with you barked at the kittens, and the cat, indulging its natural instinct of protecting its young, ran alongside the dog and tried to drive it away. "If you don't take that damned cat away," you cried to the drummers, "I'll kill it." One of them caught the cat, but a minute later it eluded them and climbed a tree. Then, noble and intrepid sir, you stopped your horse, dismounted, and, muttering that you "would kill that damned cat," with your heavy riding whip you struck at it, and in a few minutes it fell at your feet, quivering in its death agonies till one of the drummers killed it outright in mercy. "The magistrates felt that the case was proved, and that there was no necessity for the colonel to attack the cat. In the circumstances, however, they dismissed the case on payment of costs." In what circumstances?

I am surprised that the drummers did not use the whip on you till you howled for mercy. The duty they owed to high authority as soldiers probably saved you from that well-merited drubbing. The regiment in your command ought to be ashamed of you, as I am. If they are not, I am ashamed of them.

John Bull.

To Mr. Albert Windrum, Actor, 164, Abbots Road, Bromley.

Sir,—Allow me to express the hope that you have not yet emerged from that condition of ecstacy in which the policeman on the beat discovered you the other day. In presenting you to the notice of Mr. Chester Jones, of the Thames Police Court, the following morning, he described you as being drunk and incapable. "Were you drunk?" inquired that Cadi. "Absolutely; beautifully!" said you; and on that candid confession as to your mental and physical state you were asked to pay half-a-crown, or do a day. Did you pay the cash or do the day?

In any case, I trust I am correct in assuming that you regard an absolute, beautiful inebriation as cheap at the price. What are the special attractions in your case, may I ask? Do you become blind and deaf to all the pomps and vanities, vexations and disappointments, of this terrestrial ball, or do you dream dreams and see visions so seraphic that you yearn to remain drunk for ever and for aye? Also, let me know what it costs you to arrive at the absolutely blissful stage.

You will, I am sure, excuse this catechism. The ecstacy of being drunk and incapable has never yet been adequately described in the annals of literature. You have it in your power to render an important national service. Believing that you will regard the matter in this light, I await your reply in the fullest confidence.

John Bull.

H. G. Wells.

Glad to hear you are going to drop your Socialist nonsense, and concentrate your abilities on writing novels. But try to give us a real story, not political propaganda dished up as fiction.

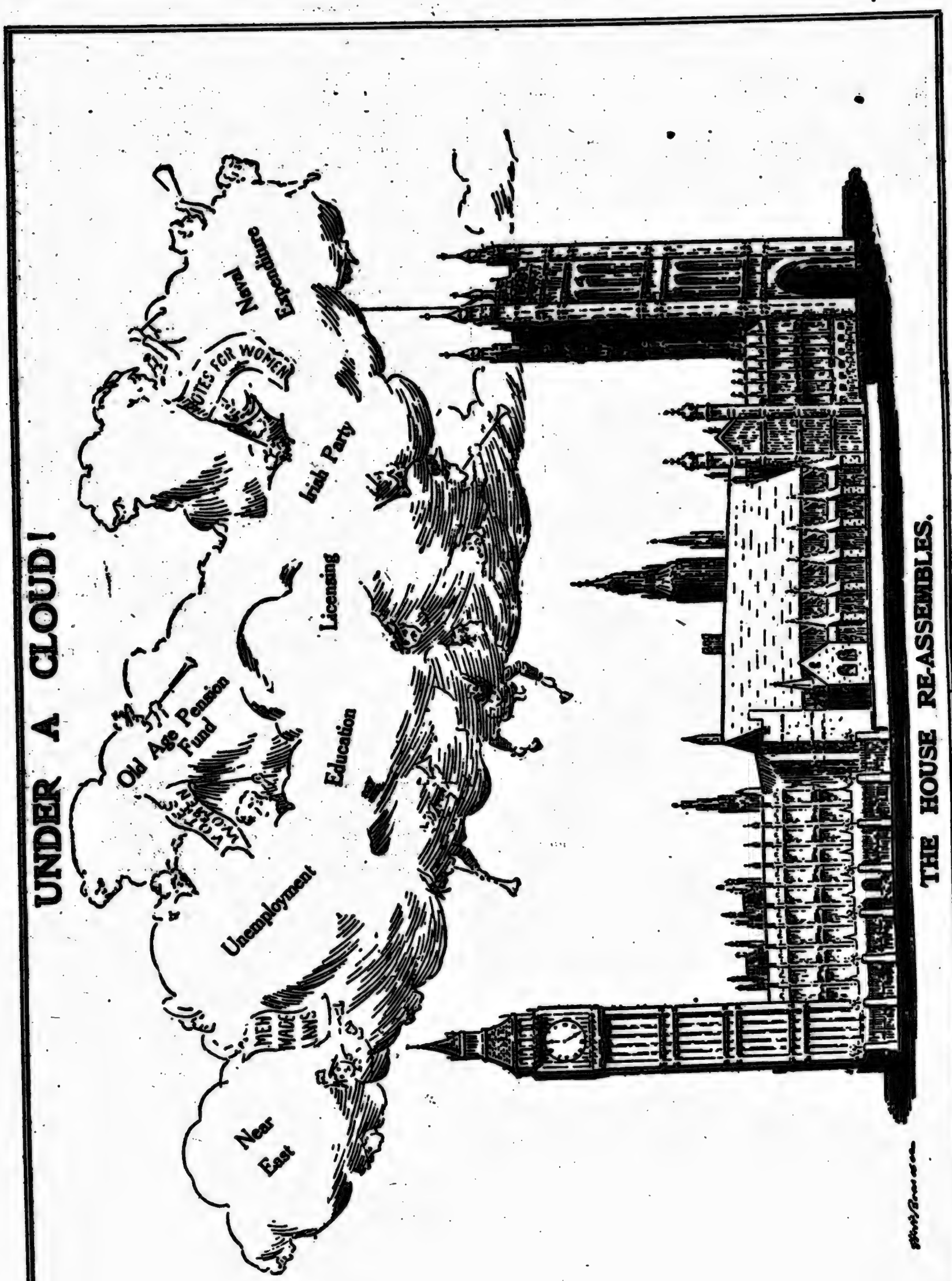
Bull.

Menelik, King of the Kings of Ethiopia.

Sorry to hear of your paralytic stroke. Not that I have any special regard for you. But you have contrived to keep your barbarous hordes in comparative order for some time. Now we may look forward to a period of anarchy, which should be utilised for the establishment of a British protectorate. I wonder why the British Minister has chosen this particular juncture to start off to England on furlough.

Bull.

Applications for our shares must be by *closed* letters. See pp. 356 & 357.


UNDER A CLOUD!
Licensing
Irish Party
Expenditure
Navy
VOTES FOR WOMEN
Old Age Pension Fund
Education
Unemployment
MEN MADE LAWS
Near East
THE HOUSE RE-ASSEMBLES.

IN THE CITY.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.

Will our Report be Justified?

Whilst the various proceedings and cross-proceedings arising out of the affairs of this Company and of its kindred undertaking, Feltham's Bank, are more or less *sub-judice*, we must, of course, refrain from saying anything likely to prejudice matters. We are, however, naturally anxious that the opinion we formed after our own independent enquiry into the methods of the *Corporation*, as distinct from the Syndicate, should be justified—and we have accordingly observed, with satisfaction, that the Treasury Counsel, who took over the private prosecution instituted by certain parties whose methods are now the subject of judicial proceedings, did not, apparently, find the evidence in the possession of those parties sufficiently complete to justify them in proceeding with the prosecution without further delay and enquiries. Whilst Mr. Benson, the moving spirit of the Securities *Corporation*, is still before the Court, we must not, of course, enter into speculation as to the validity of the charges made against him. We do, however, adhere to our own statement that, after the Corporation took over the business of the Syndicate, everything was conducted honestly and above-board—that there was no duplication of bonds, and that the accounts were properly kept by an independent and responsible staff. As regards the pending liquidations, we shall be surprised if it does not turn out that the bondholders and depositors of the two undertakings will get their money in full. Meanwhile, we much regret that Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady, in dealing with the winding-up petition, should have allowed himself to be influenced by anonymous letters—which, by the way, he declined to show to either side. Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady is a profound Equity lawyer and judge, for whom we have the sincerest respect—but when he permits himself to wander from the domain of Equity into the mysterious realms of Finance—and especially that speculative branch of it which has to do with such unconventional securities as Premium Bonds—he is apt to be led astray from that judicial calm which should characterise his utterances from the bench. We have long made it our boast that "If you see it in John Bull, it *is* so!" and we are jealous of that claim. We originally strongly attacked the International Securities people, and when, after careful enquiry, we found that, so far as the new *régime* was concerned, our strictures were unjustified, we did what we considered right by publishing the result of our investigation, and as it is within our knowledge that a large number of copies of this journal containing our Report was subsequently circulated amongst the correspondents of the Corporation, we are the more anxious that the result of all the pending litigation should be to justify our opinion. And we sincerely hope that we may not be disappointed.

THE NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE, AND A CLIENT.

The following is a correspondence which has passed between the National Share Exchange and a customer. The customer was in the happy position of having money to receive, and in due course an account was forwarded to him with cheque for the balance due, as settled by the National Share Exchange. This balance was not correct according to the customer's calculations, and on September 11th, 1908, he wrote to the Exchange as follows:—

> Referring to your accounts received, dated 4th and 5th September, I find several discrepancies, and enclose statement showing a balance due of £33 11s. 3d.
>
> 1. On July 10th you credit me with 5 Canadas at 166¼, this should be 168¾ (see your letter 18/7/08).
>
> 2. On August 27th you credit dividend on 30 Canadas as £10 10s.; this should be £21.
>
> 3. On August 31st you credit £100 Trunk Ord. at 21⅛, and £100 Trunk Third Pref. at 48½; these should be 22⅛ and 54⅜ respectively.
>
> 4. On August 28th you credit 10 Unions at 163¼; this should be 167; and on same date you omit to credit the dividend on 10 Canadas, viz., £7.

To this the Exchange replied on September 14th:—

> "We are obliged by your favour with enclosure, but as the account is now clear in our books, and you have also received our cheque, we are unable to reopen the matter."

The correspondent replied:—

> I am in receipt of your favour of 14th inst. As the statements you have rendered me are marked E. and O. E., I cannot accept the excuse you put forward—that you cannot reopen my account—and I must again ask you to let me have a cheque by return in settlement of amount due, viz., £33 11s. 3d.

The reply from the Exchange, dated September 16th, was as follows:—

> Replying to your letter, we beg to say that your account is already closed, and remittance sent you in full, and, according to our books, we do not owe you any sum or sums whatsoever.

To this the customer answered on September 19th:—

> I am in receipt of your favour of 16th inst. I am surprised at the tenor of your remarks, and can only repeat that you do owe me money, and further that I can prove same from your contracts and advices. Take as to £33 11s. 3d., with full explanation of how this amount is arrived at, and I must therefore ask you, Mr. Gaze, or Mr. Collins, to investigate the matter personally and let me have your reply by return.

The reply from the Exchange was as follows:—

> In reply to your favour, the profits were limited to 3 per cent.

To which the customer answered:—

> I am in receipt of your favour of 21st inst., but I do not understand your remarks regarding limitation of profits to 3 per cent. I have your letters, as well as your printed matter, advising me that 3 per cent. cover carries unlimited profit, and as the transactions in question were entered into in accordance with these advices, I must ask you to let me have a cheque by return in settlement of account rendered for £33 11s. 3d.

The Exchange replied under date September 23rd:—

> Replying to your favour of yesterday's date, when you called and saw our Mr. Gaze, you agreed your account and cheque was given in full settlement.
>
> Under these circumstances, we hardly see how we can reopen the matter.

The answer of the customer is as below:—

> Replying to your favour, of even date, the cheque Mr. Gaze handed me was accepted on account, as at that time I had no statement from you showing how the amount was made up. Under these circumstances, I must ask you to let me have your cheque in settlement of the amount undercredited to me as per statement sent you, amounting to £33 11s. 3d.

And a further letter from the customer closes the correspondence between him and the Exchange.

> I am still without your reply to my letter of 23rd ult., requesting payment of account rendered for £33 11s. 3d.

With regard to the statement in the letter of the Exchange dated September 21st that "the profits were limited to 3 per cent.," we find the Exchange saying in a letter dated August 8th "every £3 controls 5 shares for *unlimited profit*." And the same statement is made in a letter dated August 15th. All the business referred to in the above correspondence was transacted, as our informant states, on the 3 per cent. basis.

NORTH WALES IRON AND MANGANESE CO., LTD.

We have received a letter from the secretary of this company directing attention to an answer we gave to a correspondent in our issue of September 19th, in which we said that "the position of the company seems desperate." Mr. Hampson assures us that we have been misled, as, "notwithstanding the great decline in the iron trade, which affects the demand for the company's ore, the company is not only not in any desperate position, but its position is perfectly secure, and with the improvement in the iron trade which has recently taken place, there has been a great improvement in its prospects." Mr. Hampson alleges that the position of the company has been malignantly misrepresented by the former secretary of the company, "who was discharged from that position upwards of two years ago." The facts now put before us by the secretary of the company, at the request of the directors, satisfy us that its position is much better than we assumed it to be upon the strength of the ex-official's statement.

TRACY, MILLER AND CO.—WRONG 'UNS.

Referring to our observations upon these people in our last issue, we have had a letter sent to us addressed from the Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard, to a gentleman who has been defrauded, and who applied to Scotland Yard to take proceedings. This letter is dated September 14th, 1908, and is as below:—

> "I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., referring to Tracy, Miller and Co., and in reply to acquaint you that the police are taking such action in the matter as the law permits."

"Tracy Miller" is now in their hands.

NEWFOUNDLAND PULP AND TIMBER TERRITORIES.

The Dutch Auction Proceeds.

Following our paragraph of last week—in which we pointed out that, in the original circulars asking for "offers" for these shares, Messrs. Iredale and Company, of "Water" Street, Liverpool, first fixed 10s., then 7s. 6d., and then 5s. as the price—we observe that our simile of a Dutch auction

A sound investment stock with a valuable option. See pages 356 and 357.

is being fully justified. A further circular, now before us, from these people, offers to take 2s. 6d. per share "to clear," they evidently looking upon the stock as a very job lot. We presume the next circular will declare a drop of a further half-crown, and then—and not till then—should our readers entertain the offer.

NEW ISSUES.

John Bull," Limited.—The full prospectus of this Company will be found on pages 356 and 357. We cannot add much to what is there stated. We offer a first portion of our profits, up to a 6 per cent. dividend, to our readers. And we desire to secure as many small shareholders as possible, so that the interest in our journal may be spread over a large area. The terms of payment have been made easy with this express object in view:—2s. 6d. per share on application, 7s. 6d. on allotment, 5s. at the end of the year, and 5s. in March next. We shall do our best to see that every applicant secures an allotment.

Boots Cash Chemists (Southern), Limited.—This well-known Company are offering 100,000 Six per Cent. "C" Preference Shares at 21s. 6d. per share, the premium being carried to the General Reserve Fund of the Company. The investment is one we can safely recommend.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

Druce and Company, Limited.—We have no information as to the present position of Mr. G. H. Druce in relation to his claim upon the Portland estate.

Value of Bonds.—H. C. (Barry).—(1) They would represent a very speculative purchase. (2) The people you name charge much more than the market price for the bonds they sell.

Investment of £500.—S. W. G. (Blackpool).—You could hardly do better than put the money into National Telephone shares, which, at their present quotation, would give you a return of over 5 per cent.; or into our own preference shares, which will give you six.

The Sunday Times.—C. P. D.—Your inference is correct. The proprietary is almost entirely German.

Commission Note.—Art (Birmingham).—It is impossible for us to say whether the note is legally binding without seeing it and having fuller knowledge of the circumstances. As to dealing with another party, your better course would be to see Mr. Fraser, tell him that he has broken his contract (if it be so) by not going out to work the ground, and that you propose to treat with somebody else.

Uncle Shares.—Hank (Ramsey).—We should be inclined to sell.

Liptons, Limited.—A. T. S. (Bristol).—(1) Your father should give you a transfer of his shares with the certificate, and if you forward them to the Secretary of the Company he will transfer them into your name in due course. (2) We congratulate you upon having the sense to throw the circulars received from Arnold and Butler into the waste-paper basket.

Purchase of Stock.—Quirk (Brixton Road).—You had much better get the stock through a member of the Stock Exchange.

The Provincial Homes Investment Company.—Anxious (Portsmouth).—We are not aware that the directors of the Company have taken any extraordinary action upon Judge Parry's remarks, or that there is any intention of doing so. They are amalgamating with the Provident Assurance Company, Limited, and the London and Provincial Assurance Company, Limited, and, under this last name, the joint companies will carry on the business of ordinary and industrial life assurance, in conjunction with the provision of house-purchase facilities.

Premium Bonds.—J. R. S. (Perthshire).—As to whether you would be "quite safe in buying Premium Bonds" from the outside brokers you name, you would be safe enough in the sense that you would get the Bonds, but you would be charged from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. more than you would have to pay for them if you bought from a foreign banker of repute.

Hays Investment and Banking Corporation.—L. B. (Wavertree).—We have no information.

Californian Gold Mining Company.—W. W. (Glasgow).—We should not do so.

The Irish Direct Supply Association.—Pat (Stepney Green).—The object of the Association, as set forth in the prospectus, is, of course, an excellent one, but we are not satisfied that the Association is likely to do much to further it, and its shares would represent a very speculative purchase.

Sound Investment.—W. W. (Whitby).—As a look-up we do not think you could do better than buy Grand Trunk Ordinary or John Bull Preference.

The South Atlantic Trading Company.—G. R. (Belfast).—This Company was brought out in the spring, but the public failed to respond, and the subscriptions, such as they were, were returned. At that time a much larger capital was asked for than now, but we know of nothing that has happened during the last few months to alter our adverse opinion of the Company, as expressed when the original prospectus was before the public.

The Equitable House Property Company.—Margate.—We know nothing to the contrary.

National Old Age Pension Trust.—J. C. D. (Stourbridge).—We cannot advise you to join the trust until Mr. Taverner has consented to do what we have so often asked him to do, namely, submit his scheme to the examination and for the opinion of a competent actuary. D. N. (Cardiff).—See previous answer.

R. Smith and Company.—E. W. M. (Farnham).—(1) It is a matter upon which we can express no opinion. (2) We cannot.

London Electrobus Company.—E. J. L. (London).—We do not think the shares worth much more than the price named in the letter, namely, 10s. 6d.

A. M. (Russell Square).—See previous answer.

The Business Press, Limited.—F. R. (London).—Our opinion upon the printed matter you send us is that it is farcical, a remark that applies to the estimates to be found in the papers, and does not exclude the chartered accountant's certificate and that of Mr. Arthur Laurence, "late Editor of the *Idler*, etc."

Anglo-French Trust Company.—J. W. (of Earlsfield) writes to us in reference to a lieutenant-colonel's complaint in our issue of September 19th, sending us two of the circulars of the Trust, and pointing out that the manager's name is different in each, and also different to that given by our correspondent. The colonel dealt with Mr. Toubarene at 317, High Holborn. The first of the circulars now received is from the same address, Southampton House, 317, High Holborn, and has upon it A. F. Loubaresse as the manager; whereas in the second circular, also from 317, High Holborn, V. S. Reubens is said to be the manager.

Outside Brokers.—N. D. (Belfast).—Have nothing to do with them.

A. R. (Kingsheath).—(1) We never recommend Stock Exchange speculations of the kind you suggest. (2) The Birkbeck Building Society is sound and well managed. We should hesitate to say the same of the society whose pamphlet you send us.

Treble and Company.—E. A. B. (Camberwell).—We agree; but the Post Office authorities seem to have considerable difficulty in checking the dissemination of these foreign lottery papers, which, when received, should be thrown into the waste-paper basket.

J. W. Benson, Limited.—H. B. (London).—These shares represent a sound investment.

Shareholders' Union.—G. T. L. (Leytonstone).—The objects of the Shareholders' Union, as set forth in the prospectus you send us, are excellent, but we doubt whether it could be of much practical advantage to shareholders. As to the shares in the two syndicates they are of no value.

Arnold and Butler.—Myra (Southborough).—We are obliged to you for the circular you send us from Arnold and Butler, which shows that recently these rogues were still trying to get money from the credulous public.

Constant Reader (Aberdare).—See previous answer. It is nothing short of a scandal that men of this kind, after having been branded in the High Court of Justice as rogues and thieves, should be permitted by the police to continue their nefarious calling. But they are getting near the end of their tether.

Royal Phonograph Company.—J. E. (S. Croydon).—We are obliged to you for the enclosures. Our attention has not been directed to this concern before. The letter you send us from these people is very impudent, but it ought not to deceive a child.

Triple Combination.—C. W. (Dundee).—We never recommend this sort of transaction.

Charing Cross Bank.—A. B. (Greenwich).—We can only repeat what we have said so often before, that we never recommend deposits with institutions that, as is the case with this so-called bank, offer interest up to 10 per cent.

Twentieth Century Friendly Society.—G. V. (Custom House).—We know nothing against it.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

British Natural-Premium Life Association, Limited.—We understand that the British Natural Premium Life Association, Limited, is taking active steps to offer its policy-holders a level premium policy, in lieu of the Natural Premium policies which have been issued in the past. They have engaged the services of an eminent actuary, and the necessary tables are now being drawn up. The Association has also been successful in issuing a large number of "A" Preference Shares, and in arranging for additional capital. The management has been strengthened by the addition of four new directors to the Board. The name of the Association has been altered to "The World Assurance Company, Limited," and larger and more central offices have been taken.

Scottish Equitable Life Assurance Society.—W. R. L.—This is a Mutual Life Assurance Company, which is well managed and has given excellent bonus results to its participating members.

Britannic Assurance Company, Limited.—G. W. (Wimbledon).—We think the Company a suitable one for the sort of business you mention, i.e., for obtaining houses upon easy terms.

Life Policy.—J. A. T. (London).—We cannot recommend the I.O.F., but you would be making an excellent selection in going to the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution—a very successful mutual life office with an excellent bonus history.

British Homes Assurance Company.—Bullits (Newark-on-Trent).—We cannot advise dealings with this company.

Two Sick Societies.—E. X. (Ebbw Vale).—Do not have anything to do with the first of the two.

National Co-Operative Sick and Accident Assurance Society.—F. W. F. (Sheerness).—Certainly not.

Non-Tariff Office.—T. J. K. (Stafford).—There is no reason why a non-tariff office should be "necessarily less safe than a tariff one," but with respect to the Provincial office you name we should prefer another selection.

Edinburgh Life Assurance Co.—Cecil R. (Norwich).—It is a very successful life office, established as far back as 1823, and limiting its business to the United Kingdom. Bonuses to policy-holders have been excellent, and the prospects of the maintenance of dividend are favourable. The shareholders are entitled to one-tenth of the profits in the Life fund, in addition to interest earnings on their own funds.

Century Insurance Company.—Hesitate (Stoke-on-Trent).—The company was established in 1865 as a Sick and Accident Association, and the name changed as above in 1907. It transacts ordinary life assurance business in addition to fire, burglary, sickness and accident insurance, and is a sound and enterprising company.

General Life Assurance Company.—J. B. (Cambridge).—We should say that the company's offer is a fair one. The surplus ascertained on the basis of taking securities at book figures at the quinquennial valuation of assurance at the close of 1907 was £93,161, but, in view of depreciation in values, no division of profits was made. The whole depreciation is thus reported as provided for, with a substantial margin.

The Albion Assurance Association.—F. W. D. (Sheffield).—We note the treatment you have received from these people. We are not surprised.

F. W. T. (Thornley-on-Tees).—It is not.

G. H. M. (Nunhead).—The only advice we can give you is not to have anything more to do with this concern.

One and All Sickness and Accident.—D. R. S. (South Shields).—We will look into the matter.

W. L. M. (Hackney Wick).—See previous answer.

H. W. (Ystradgynlais).—We note that you have recovered the £3, but still claim 13s. 4d. Let us know if you get it.

Constant Reader (Walsall).—At present we know of no sufficient reason why you should not become an agent of the association.

King Insurance Company, Limited.—H. R. (Llanhilleth).—In 1904 the Company acquired the business of the Fire Insurance Company, established in 1895. The Company's accounts for 1907 showed a Fire premium of £68,895 (increased by £5,096), losses £42,873, "excluding remaining liability for San Francisco earthquake and conflagration," the amount of which is not stated in the accounts.

Liverpool and London Plate Glass Insurance Company.—J. H. (Liverpool).—We have no sufficient data to warrant our expressing an opinion as to the refusal of the company to renew your policy except at a figure which, to quote your own words, would be "altogether exorbitant." You certainly seem to have got the better of the relationship, seeing that, according to your statement, you have paid 15s. and claimed for £6 7s. 7d.

Planet Friendly Assurance Society.—S. D. (Tonypandy).—We have no reason to suppose that it is not.

Islands Insurance Company.—E. J. W. (Nottingham).—We note what you say, and we do not doubt your statement is correct, but we cannot give further space to the matter.

The British United Assurance Corporation, Limited.—P. B. and Co. (Birmingham).—We are much obliged to you for your information respecting this corporation. It confirms all that we have said in the columns of John Bull respecting it. For a long time past we have warned our readers to have nothing to do with this company. It has now gone into liquidation, which, as we said last week, we hope will be made compulsory.

British Oak House Purchase Company.—W. H. W. (Teignmouth).—Yes, we think so.

All British Accident and General Insurance Company.—W. J. S. (Taylorstown).—We will try and get the information.

London, Edinburgh and Glasgow Assurance Company.—A. R. N. (Colchester).—The company is one of standing. Its Soldiers' Endowment scheme seems to be generously conceived, and, if workable, and carried out on the lines indicated in the prospectus you enclose, should be of considerable service to soldiers.

For a safe six per cent. security, see pages 356 and 357.

The Subscription List will open on THURSDAY, October 8th, and close on MONDAY, October 12th, for both Town and Country.

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

A Company formed, under the laws of the United Kingdom, to acquire the Copyright and Goodwill of

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL JOURNAL OF MODERN TIMES.

No Underwriting. *No Promotion Money.*

JOHN BULL, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1907.)

Capital - - - - £150,000.

Divided into 100,000 Ordinary Shares and 50,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Convertible Preference Shares of ONE POUND each.

The **Preference Shares are entitled to a cumulative preferential dividend of Six per cent.** per annum, and rank in priority to the Ordinary shares as to both capital and dividends. **They also carry the right of conversion in toOrdinary Shares at the option of the holders.**

The Ordinary Shares will be allotted as fully paid as part consideration for the transfer of the copyright, goodwill and other property of "JOHN BULL" as a going concern, **the vendors paying the whole of the expenses** (other than Government Fees, Stamps, Legal Charges and Brokerage on Shares) **incidental to this issue.**

The Articles of Association provide for the establishment of a Reserve Fund until the same equals in amount the total of the Preference issue.

ISSUE OF 50,000 SIX PER CENT. CUMULATIVE CONVERTIBLE PREFERENCE SHARES. Payable 2/6 per Share on application; 7/6 on allotment; 5/- on December 31st, 1908; and 5/- on March 25th, 1909.

DIRECTORS:

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P., 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., Founder and Editor of "John Bull," *Governing Director.*

HENRY T. BURTON, Managing Director of The Partington Advertising Co., Ltd., Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.

J. S. ELIAS, Director and Manager of Odhams Limited, and Southwood, Smith & Co., Ltd., Newspaper Proprietors, Printers and Publishers, Long Acre, London, W.C., *Business Manager.*

And one other, to be appointed by the Preference Shareholders.

BANKERS:

LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK, LTD., 5, Threadneedle Street, E.C.; Covent Garden Branch, 20, Bow Street, W.C., and other Branches.

SOLICITORS:

JENKINS BAKER BEHRENS & WREFORD BROWN, 31, Poultry, London, E.C.

BROKER:

PERCY BROWNING, 3, Copthall Chambers, London, E.C. (and Stock Exchange).

AUDITOR:

DALTON EASUM, Chartered Accountant, 16, Bevis Marks, London, E.C.

SECRETARY and OFFICES:

COLES L. HARRIS, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Prospectus.

This Company is formed to acquire as a going concern the Copyright and Goodwill of the journal John Bull, which was established by Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., in June, 1906, and has already attained an unique position in the journalistic world. Its success, indeed, has been phenomenal. Aiming at being to the Man in the Street what *Truth* has long been to the wealthy classes, and being run to a large extent independently of all Parties and Sects, it became an instantaneous success; whilst, as the result of considerable enterprise and expenditure, it has been steadily growing in popularity and power, until to-day it probably enjoys a larger circulation and wields a greater influence than any other serious weekly journal in the United Kingdom. It is now proposed to extend its scope in various directions, the details of which (in view of the keen competition in journalistic enterprise) it is undesirable to indicate at present.

Hitherto the journal has been owned by a private Company, subject to a Debenture issue of £25,000. These Debentures it is intended to pay off out of the proceeds of the present issue of Preference Shares, the remainder being reserved for discharge of current liabilities and as working Capital.

During the past twelve months the business of the paper has been carried on at 67, Long Acre, London, under a working arrangement with Messrs. Odhams Limited (one of the largest firms of newspaper printers and publishers in London); and during that period its progress has been remarkable, as will be seen from the following certificate from the firm:—

93 & 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

October 3rd, 1908.

To the Directors of "JOHN BULL," LIMITED.

We have printed "JOHN BULL" from its establishment, and have published it since the beginning of October, 1907. We have also had the management of its Advertisement Department since the commencement of February, 1908. We certify that its net circulation and net advertisement income, based upon the three past months, in comparison with the same period last year show:

Circulation	... ...	**42.09 per cent. increase.**
Advertisements	... ...	**152.77 per cent. increase.**

The circulation has steadily increased during the past twelve months, the average number of copies printed since September 1st being 165,503 per week, whilst the Trade Orders already received for the current issue exceed 180,000 copies. The gross advertising income amounts to between £200 and £250 per week.

ODHAMS LIMITED.

ERNEST LYNCH ODHAMS, Secretary.

The above-mentioned working arrangement has been extended for a further period of five years.

As regards the present earnings of the paper, it is not necessary, inasmuch as none of the Ordinary Shares are offered for subscription, to publicly disclose full details. It is considered sufficient to show that the Preference interest is well secured, and that adequate provision is made for the redemption of the Preference Capital. Upon this point the following Certificate has been obtained from the Auditor :—

16, Bevis Marks, London, E.C.
September 29th, 1908.

To the Directors of "JOHN BULL," LIMITED.

Gentlemen,

I have acted as Auditor of "JOHN BULL" from the date of its establishment and I have also examined the Trading Accounts as kept by Messrs. Odhams, Limited, its Publishers and Advertisement Managers.

Having had considerable experience of Newspaper Accounts, I am able to state that the progress of the Journal has been unique, and that it is now in my opinion a valuable and well established property.

Since its establishment a considerable sum has been spent in advertising and other foundation charges.

After providing for writing this expenditure off by annual appropriations and allowing for all current expenditure of every kind, I certify that the Journal is now earning a net profit sufficient to pay the interest upon the proposed Issue of £50,000 6 per cent. Preference Shares several times over.

DALTON EASUM, Chartered Accountant.

A very large sum of money has been expended in bringing the journal to its present position, but this Capital Expenditure will now be practically discontinued—a successful newspaper property, once thoroughly established, constituting one of the soundest and most secure investments.

Under the Articles of Association it is provided that not less than twenty per cent. of the annual profits available for payment of dividends, after providing for the Preference Dividend, are to be set apart as a Reserve Fund, until such Fund shall amount in value to the aggregate nominal amount of the Preference Shares in the original capital for the time being issued and outstanding.

Mr. Bottomley agrees to act as Editor of the Journal for a period of ten years and during such period not to conduct or be financially interested in any other journalistic undertaking except for the benefit of this Company. He further agrees to act as Chairman and Governing Director of the Company for a similar period. Whilst he holds the office of Chairman and Governing Director he is to be paid for his services an amount equal to 10 per cent. of the annual net profits of the Company, as certified by the Company's auditor in each year.

Mr. Elias, whose experience and knowledge of the technical side of journalism are very extensive, will give the Company the benefit of his practical knowledge.

Mr. Burton's large experience will also be of great service.

The Preference Shareholders are entitled to convert their holdings into Ordinary Shares at any time upon giving the Company six months' notice.

The following information is given in accordance with the requirements of the law :—

The remuneration of the Directors other than the Governing Director, is to be from time to time determined by the Company in General Meeting, and may be either by way of a fixed sum annually or for any other period, or by way of a percentage on profits or profits of a particular transaction, or by both such methods.

The remuneration of the Directors is to accrue *de die in diem*.

The minimum subscription on which the Directors may proceed to allotment is 25,000 Preference Shares.

The preliminary expenses (which with the exception of registration fees, stamp duties and legal charges and brokerage on shares will be paid by the Vendors) are estimated at £3,500.

No underwriting commission has been or will be paid, but the Company will pay a brokerage of sixpence per share on all shares allotted in respect of applications received through Brokers or Newsagents.

Every shareholder will have one vote for every share held by him.

The following Contracts have been entered into :—

(1) Agreement dated the 7th day of October, 1908, made between "John Bull," Limited, whose registered office is at 5, Court Row, Guernsey (the Vendors), of the one part, and this Company of the other part, being the Contract for sale of the copyright and goodwill of JOHN BULL above referred to, and the book debts of the Vendors, in consideration of the allotment of 100,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each of this Company, credited as fully paid, in respect of the goodwill of the journal and business, and a payment in cash of £25,000, out of which cash payment the Vendors will pay off the existing debentures, the Company discharging the current liabilities of the Vendors (limited to £15,000), and the registration fees, stamp duties, legal charges, and brokerage on shares.

(2) An agreement made the 5th July, 1907, between Horatio Bottomley, of the first part, "John Bull," Limited, of the second part, and Odhams Limited, of the third part, being the working arrangement above referred to.

(3) Agreement made the 11th July, 1907, supplemental to Agreement No. 2 between the same parties.

(4) Memorandum of the 7th October, 1908, between Odhams Limited of the one part and "John Bull," Limited (acting on behalf of the Company), of the other part, under which the said working arrangement is to be continued for the period of five years from the date of incorporation of the Company.

(5) Agreement made the 7th day of October, 1908, between Horatio Bottomley of the one part and the Company of the other part, under which the said Horatio Bottomley agrees to act as Editor of JOHN BULL and as Chairman and Governing Director of the Company for a period of ten years.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley is a Director of the Vendor Company and owns or is interested in upwards of 50,000 shares therein out of a total issue of 100,000 shares, and upwards of £12,500 of Debentures out of a total issue of £25,000.

Mr. Elias, as Director and Manager of Odhams Limited, is interested in Contracts Nos. 2, 3, and 4, above referred to as a shareholder in that Company, and he is further entitled to a commission upon the net profits of that firm.

Mr. Burton, as a shareholder in The Partington Advertising Company, Limited, is interested in certain Advertising Contracts with the Vendors, entered into in the ordinary course of business.

Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of shares allotted is less than that applied for the balance of such deposit will be applied towards payments due on allotment, any excess being returned to the applicant. Failure to pay any instalment will render the previous payments liable to forfeiture.

A copy of the Memorandum of Association is printed in the fold of and forms part of the Prospectus and prints thereof and of the Articles of Association of the Company and the above-mentioned Contracts and Certificates can be seen at the offices of the Company's Solicitors, 31, Poultry, London, E.C., between 11 a.m. and 4 p.m. on any date prior to the closing of the list of applications.

Applications for Shares may be made on the form at the foot hereof, and sent with the deposit to the Bankers.

Full Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, Broker and Auditor of the Company, and at its registered office, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

London, 7th October, 1908.

This form to be filled up and sent entire with remittance to the Company's Bankers, the London City and Midland Bank, Limited, 5, Threadneedle Street, E.C.; Covent Garden Branch, 20, Bow Street, W.C.; or other Branches.

THIS FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES MAY BE USED.

To the Directors of JOHN BULL LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £ , being a deposit of 2s. 6d. per share on Preference Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of shares upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus, dated the 7th day of October, 1908, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, and to pay the further instalments upon the terms of the said Prospectus, and I authorise you to register me as the holder of the said Shares.

Ordinary Signature .....

Name (in full) .....

Address (in full), ...

.....

Profession or Business .....

Dated ..... 1908.

Note.—Please write very distinctly.

All Cheques to be made payable to Bearer, and crossed "& Co."

WAKE UP, WALES!

"A DEAD LEVEL OF MONOTONOUS MEDIOCRITY."

There has recently been held in Wales one of the Preliminary "Examinations for the Certificate"—that is to to say, an examination of scholars desiring to become pupil teachers—as the first step towards becoming school masters. The subject was Geography.

Almost without exception, the answers were unsatisfactory, while most of them were so meagre and incorrect that it is hard to believe that a serious study of the geography of the Principality has been made.

The quality of the answers may be judged from the following quotations from the papers:—

The Clwyd "rises in Plinlimmon" and "in Bala Lake," it drains "the Northern part of Wales around Montgomeryshire, Merionethshire and Penryn," it "flows near the watering place of Barmouth. . . . Festiniog and Llanberis" and "Bettws-y-Coed" stands on its bank. In the Vale of Clwyd, which "lies in Merionethshire" 'there is a famous town called Aberglaslyn." The river "enters the sea near the Great Orme's Head."

"*The Conway* flows through the counties of Mid Wales and upon its banks stand Bangor, Carnarvon and Bethesda" is another specimen.

The Teify "rises in Mid Wales and enters the Bristol Channel in Pembrokeshire," it "drains Merionethshire and Montgomery." "On its banks are Cardigan and Radnor. Aberystwyth stands on the Ystwyth, a tributary of the Teify." Its "basin is also picturesque with the quaint little villages on its banks and hills on both its sides," while "much of the land surrounding the Teify is cut into squares and dried."

The Towy "drains Glamorgan," and "enters the Bristol Channel at Swansea"; it also "enters the sea at Pembroke," and "flows into Cardigan Bay." On its banks stands "Llangollen." The river "has a very important scenery," moreover it is "A scene of tremendous beauty when we see the cockle gatherers on their donkeys." "The sammon and the trout are caught in this river."

A Porth candidate wrote a page and a half and mentioned neither river, mountain, railway nor town—except Newport; a Cardiff candidate wrote a full page and named not even a town.

Such worthless matter as the following was not uncommon: "The plains of Monmouth are flatter than the hills;" "the vegetation of the plains mostly dairy produce, including apples, pears, &c." A Merthyr candidate says the hilly portion of Monmouth is engaged in agriculture, because of "the little coal that is worked there." A Carmarthen candidate adds that "the inhabitants are more thickly populated in the hilly portions," and a Newbridge student speaks of the "fogs in the Western valley—which tends to cause the population thereof to suffer with the chest and other organic symptoms."

Mountains, says an Aberystwyth candidate, "have been caused by the chemical actions of the earth," which earth, adds a Cardiff girl, "is made up of igneous and aques rocks." "The mineral wealth of a country is usually associated with its mountains, because mountains act as barriers warding off strong winds or, "*because* (*a*) they bring rain into the country (*b*) their political use serves as offence and defence." "There is a very close attachment and a similarity of character between almost every mineral and rocks." "Coal is a kind of organic rock formed from the decaying of shrubs, plant life and animal matter."

In Russia, we find such minerals as "lead, coal and timber," and Australia's "people are engaged in the gold-mining manufacture."

"The tidal wave is first originated in the South Antartic Ocean;" before it "reached Great Britain it formed part of the Equatorial Current." "It is on the mountains that the tides depend," they are "caused by the variation of temperature." They "are of two kinds—the low and high, or the ebb and neap tides;" the "Taff and Ely" rivers "wind far inland and from their source follow the tides outside," while "a roaring tidal bore rushes to the very source of the Severn, like one great solid wall." The Severn "drains the county of Glamorganshire."

With respect to *climate*, we learn that the "climate bordering on the Black Sea is very fertile," that India "obtains the warm winds of the Gulf Stream," that "the climate is fairly insular, being nearly all surrounded by sea," and that the Western Ghats "prevent the winds from alighting on the Western side." Australia is "washed by the Atlantic and the Kura Swiva," "its climate is of an insular character;" the mountains of New South Wales "condense the rain and moisture-laden winds," and "the rest of Australia is mostly made up of deserts, therefore it is very moist."

Another candidate speaks of "the flora and fauna of the plants of Australia," of "all kinds of cereals such as wheat, rice, *tobacco*, *flax*, and *hemp*," and of "grand natural harbours *were* the *imports* of the country are *exported*."

Other mistakes are hard to understand, *e.g.*, "Every countries in Europe is closely enough to be connected with the coast," "the manufacturing of ready-made goods," "the nature of source is a uniform backbone of mountains," "the density of population owing to position and it is convenient to land there," "we get the different kinds of through and through," and "Australia is swarming with rabbits and these rabbits are taught to climb trees."

No wonder that the Chief Examiner thinks that the majority of the answers "are characterised by a dead level of monotonous mediocrity."

A Cocoa— and much more

A food, a beverage, and something that will give the body all the strength and vitality it is capable of taking.

The widespread and increasing popularity of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa amounts to a dietetic revolution of the first importance. Vi-Cocoa is a food at the same time that it is a beverage, not only easily digestible, but also promoting the digestion of other food.

The working man's sixpence, sensibly expended, will do him as much good as the rich man's five-pound note, more often than not, does the latter harm. The very best value to be obtained for that small coin of the realm is to be found in a packet of Vi-Cocoa, a Food Beverage of unequalled excellence.

You can try it free of expense. Write to Vi-Cocoa, 12, Henry Street, London, W.C., for a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, free and post paid.

It is a plain, honest, straightforward offer. It is done to introduce the merits of Vi-Cocoa into every home.

"A HIDEOUS HUMAN DOCUMENT."

An Explanation.

With reference to the Hideous Human Document which appeared in our issue of September 19th, we have received a letter from Mrs. McLagan, in which she complains that her husband charges her with adultery, and affirms that there is no truth whatever in the allegation. We desire to say that we did not read the husband's statement to charge anything worse than close friendship with a man he had forbidden her to see, and we regret that it conveyed a different and much more serious charge to Mrs. McLagan.

Your application must be received by Monday. See pages 356 and 357.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

To Prove that "Harlene Hair Drill" Grows Hair.

A MILLION FREE OUTFITS TO BE DISTRIBUTED.

You have only to ask and you will receive free of charge:

I. INSTRUCTION BOOK (that tells you all about "Harlene Hair-Drill," and how to make your hair luxuriant in growth and beautiful in appearance).

II. TRIAL BOTTLE of "Harlene for the Scalp and Hair," necessary for the week's free trial of "Hair-Drill."

There is no necessity to hesitate or wait.

If you would like to make your hair grow in healthy and beautiful profusion, you can receive free for the mere asking the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit illustrated here.

Now, this is sufficient for a whole week's trial. In that time you can demonstrate to your own personal satisfaction what it is that has made persons of all ages and both sexes all over the country—and abroad—as keen and interested in the practice of "Harlene Hair Drill" as all persons of hygienic and refined personal habits are in "tooth drill" and "bath drill," for instance.

The hair has been too long neglected.

This was all very well in the days when women became capped matrons at thirty, and men actually cultivated the appearance and prestige of age. But to-day mothers rival their daughters in youthful appearance, while men realise only too well that to cultivate the appearance of youth is at least to suggest the world's present standard of Energy — and Ability — and Modernity.

Let any woman conjure up the vision of how much younger and how much more attractive she would be if her hair was as it was, say, 5 to 10 or 15 years back.

Let any man similarly summon before his mind's eye the picture of the difference that his hair as it was 5 to 15 years previous would make to him to-day.

And it is this great difference that is possible to restore. No woman's—or man's—hair is to-day what it *might*—what it CAN—*be*, unless it has had the natural and physiological cultivating and beautifying benefit of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

It is because we desire that you take up "Hair-Drill" in the same way, and for the parallel good reasons that you now pay attention to your teeth and body health-cleanliness, that we wish you now to at least try at our expense the benefit you will gain by even one week's practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

You will be surprised—agreeably surprised. Mind, this we promise:

Your hair will stop falling out by the end of the week.

The scalp will feel "alive" instead of dead, hot, hard, scurfy, greasy, sticky, damp, or dry.

What are all these latter "ill conditions"? They are not the same. They do not *mean* the same. But they unitedly mean that your scalp is "not in condition."

SPECIAL WARNING.

A word of warning should here be quoted against the ridiculously futile method of attempting to grow hair by stomach medication.

Internal drugs are useless for this purpose and are extremely dangerous to the general health.

The invitation of Messrs. Edwards, let it be understood, is specially made to those of either sex desirous of faithfully carrying out their Harlene "Hair-Drill" instructions for one week. To such worthy people only do Messrs. Edwards desire to provide the necessary instructions and bottle of "Harlene" free of cost.

The trial, if only properly carried out according to instructions, will most convincingly and happily demonstrate beyond all doubt that—

YOUR SCALP CAN BE

—Beautifully clean.
—Of proper temperature.
—Pleasant to the senses of touch and sight and smell, and
—Free from irritation.

Note, all the accessories required will be sent you without a penny cost. It costs threepence to send you the package, and it is suggested that you do Messrs. Edwards the courtesy of sending the threepence for postage or carriage mentioned on the following Coupon (of which you can send a copy if you would rather not cut it from your journal).

"Harlene Hair-Drill" or hair massage is the most delightful of toilet operations, and for those who suffer from hair trouble of any kind will work wonders if persevered with. Of course, massage alone will not be sufficient to remedy the cause of your hair trouble, it being necessary, as scientists point out, to use for the hair cells a cleansing, strengthening preparation that will give a new lease of life to the growing hair.

The correct method of massaging the head is this: Spread the fingers of both hands and push them through the hair right down between the roots on to the scalp itself. Then sprinkle a few drops of "Harlene" on the head so that it will penetrate to the scalp. Now massage—do not rub—first one way and then another. Make the scalp move under the gentle pressure of the fingers. Do this for two or three minutes per day.

This generous trial outfit will be sent to any part of the world on receipt of coupon below, duly filled in, and 3d. in stamps for postage.

HOW TO SECURE THE "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" FREE OUTFIT.

You will find a great difference at the end of one week's trial, and remember we send you a special outfit free. All we ask is that when writing you forward three penny stamps to cover cost of postage. Callers at the "Harlene" head-quarters will not need to pay this carriage cost.

Start "Harlene Hair-Drill" to-day. It will give a stimulatory effect and clear your hair of all its trouble, stop the falling out, and promote a splendid new growth. "Harlene" stops all inclination to greyness, and will restore blanched hairs to their original colour. We give you a warning: don't drug yourself for hair trouble, You may upset your constitution.

Keep your hair bright, glossy, give it new life and health, stop the falling and greyness by the "Harlene for the Hair" Method.

The third edition of our interesting and profusely illustrated manual on Hair Culture is now being issued and a copy will be sent **gratis and post free** to any address on receipt of post card.

All applications for the free outfit must be addressed: Edwards' Harlene Company 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Further supplies of "Harlene" may be obtained of all chemists in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., or sent direct and post paid on receipt of postal order.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To EDWARDS' HARLENE CO. 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C.

GENTLEMEN,—Please send me booklet, directions, and supply of "Harlene" for the National Experiment in Hair Culture. I enclose three penny stamps for carriage to any part of the world.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

John Bull Oct. 10, 1908. N.B.—If called for, no charge to be made.

"CHARTERED" JUSTICE.

WILL SIR EDWARD GREY INTERVENE?

The average Briton regards the jury system as part of the settled order of things. True, when he finds himself summoned to attend some court, which is sure to be either draughty or overheated, his feelings are apt to be ruffled; but it is his luck against which he rails, not the institution itself; and he would regard as a lunatic, or even as a traitor, anyone who proposed to deprive him of the right to be judged by his peers.

In Rhodesia, however, things are very different. There the population is permitted to exist only by the grace of an august and sovereign Company, whose policy is directed by a Ducal Board; consequently, the settlers' rights are distinctly indefinite, so much so that the Rhodesian Attorney-General, the head of the Chartered Law, recently proposed to abolish the jury system altogether, because he found that the jurors, instead of merely registering his decrees by convicting his prisoners, actually dared to use their own discretion and liberate many of those whom the Company had marked down for punishment. In what is described as a "forcible" speech, he declared that he would like to see the Jury Ordinance, not amended, but expunged from the Statute Book; whilst he threatened that if juries continued in their evil ways, he would exercise his dread prerogative as Attorney-General, and remit such cases to the magistrate, rather than take the risk of the trial of a man by his peers.

On the face of it, the thing has a distinctly Gilbertian look, the self-satisfied Afrikander lawyer, with his narrow experience, denouncing a system which has been adopted by every civilised nation; and yet, on the other hand, the question has its serious side, for the powers of the Chartered Company are enormous, and if it makes up its mind to override the Jury Ordinance it can punish a good many men who would otherwise be acquitted. The jury system was introduced into Rhodesia in 1899, before the bottom had fallen out of the boom, and when the Company was still on fairly good terms with its subjects. Up till that time, the population had been so small and scattered that Law was little more than a phrase; but as regular settlers began to come in, there was a growing feeling that it was intolerable for men's lives and liberty to be entirely at the mercy of the Company. Judges, Attorney-General, and practically the whole of the other law officers always have been Afrikanders, administering Roman-Dutch law in an essentially British community. Moreover, so far from being appointed by the people for the protection of the people, they are merely the nominees of the Company, whose business it is to make a profit out of the territory. In short, a purely commercial concern is allowed to exercise judicial functions over a population whose interests are, as often as not, directly opposed to its own. Even the much-advertised grievances of the Uitlanders in Johannesburg were not nearly so serious as those of the Rhodesian settlers would be, were Mr. Tredgold to have his way and abolish the jury system.

In his great speech, Mr. Tredgold gave a sop to public opinion by stating as one of the grounds for his proposal the unwillingness of juries to convict white men accused of offences against natives; but to those who remember the past history of the Chartered Company, the murder of Lobengula's three envoys, the hounding down of the king himself, the attempt to bring on a new native war by imposing a £2 poll-tax, an appeal on behalf of the natives from a Chartered official has a curious ring. Moreover, on the other hand, there is the undoubted fact that juries are extremely loth to convict a native on any but the clearest evidence, the Chartered police-boys being regarded with especial suspicion when in the witness-box. No one can have attended the sessions in one of the Rhodesian towns without being struck by the fact that the jury is much more favourably inclined towards a raw native than any judge would be, probably because the settlers know the native better than any legal official can ever hope to do.

Mr. Tredgold's speech may possibly do some good, after all, if only public attention can be drawn to the matter. His proposal is, of course, beneath contempt; but he has raised the issue, and it remains for the Imperial Government to act. The obvious solution of the difficulty seems to lie in the total abolition of "Chartered" Justice, the retirement of Mr. Tredgold and the whole of his colleagues of the Law department, and the appointment by the Imperial Government of an entirely new set of judges, magistrates, and law officers, who should be chosen without any reference to the Ducal Board in London Wall House. We went to war to right the wrongs of the Uitlanders; surely the Ministry can brave the wrath of the Chartered Company—and Mr. Tredgold—in order to secure a clean judicial system in Rhodesia.

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matter and Stock Exchange investments?"

A VALUABLE BOOK.

The whole subject of investment and finance is lucidly and thoroughly explained, in a clear, practical manner, in "Modern Banking and Investment," a book which has been specially compiled by experts on all the varied financial subjects of the day. It is intended to help and assist those who desire that their capital shall be safely invested and at the same time yield a good return. It also lucidly explains the complicated technicalities of all Stock Exchange operations—it affords a complete encyclopædia to the Stock Exchange, and how profits can be made.

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Please send me gratis and post free your book, entitled "Modern Banking and Investment"

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Do you wish for an allotment? See pages 356 and 357.

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AMONG THE LAWYERS.

A QUESTION FOR THE HOME SECRETARY.

The decisions of some of the police magistrates are past understanding. For example, last Thursday a commercial traveller named Ruffle was charged before Mr. Lane, K.C., at the West London Police Court, with attempting to pick pockets at the Franco-British Exhibition. A police-constable swore that he "saw Ruffle pushing against ladies, feeling in their dresses, and apparently trying to find their pockets." He watched him for 40 minutes, and he saw him try to take a bracelet off a lady's wrist. The constable "called the attention of a gentleman who was with the lady, and this gentleman watched and saw further misconduct on the part of Mr. Ruffle." Thereupon the constable took him in charge. At the hearing the gentleman in question, Mr. E. Peel, said that he "kept watch on Ruffle for three-quarters of an hour. Ruffle dodged up and down, pushing up against ladies. He got behind a young girl and put his hand in her pocket." Witness saw him open a handbag which a lady was carrying. Nothing could be more explicit than this, and unless the police-constable and Mr. Peel suffered from hallucinations, or swore falsely, the commercial traveller is guilty. On the other hand, he called his employer, Mr. Aldous, of the British and Bennington Tea Trading Association, who said that the prisoner "had been in the employment of his firm for over four years, during which time he had collected thousands of pounds. There had never been anything incorrect in his accounts, and he was astounded to hear of such a charge against him." Upon hearing this evidence the magistrate observed, "It would, of course, be simply idle to attempt to charge him (the prisoner) with this. He must be discharged."

Now, it may, or may not be, that in the face of the evidence of Mr. Aldous no jury would convict, but it is clear that the magistrate thought the prisoner innocent, because he said to him on discharging him that he did so "with very great regret that you have been put into this position." Obviously, if the magistrate thought that the accused was guilty he would not have made that observation, and if the accused is innocent, then it looks very much as if the police-constable committed perjury. Anyway, assuming that his evidence was honest, he must be a very dangerous sort of person to be at large entrusted with the duties of a police-constable, and yet we find the magistrate going on to say, "not that the police have acted in any way that can be adversely criticised." What in the name of all that is wonderful is the conduct on the part of a policeman that can be adversely criticised if this criticism is not applicable to an officer who swears that he had a man under observation for three-quarters of an hour, swears that he saw him making repeated attempts to pick pockets, and yet was testifying all the time against an innocent man.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

We shall be pleased to answer any questions relating to claims for Old Age Pensions, and to advise readers how to overcome any difficulties which may be placed in the way of making or maintaining their claims.

Misconduct of Solicitor.—W. W. (Lavender Hill).—We have read your lengthy letter with attention, but it is impossible for us to deal with it. You make most serious charges against your solicitor, and not only against him, but against the trustees of your mother's estate. These charges may or may not be well founded, but it is sufficient for us to say that you have not submitted a scrap of evidence in support of them.

The Colonel and His Debts.—Lex (Plymouth).—We are obliged to you for your letter explaining that the Colonel's position is much as we suggested it might be in our issue of some weeks ago. As to our correspondent's statement that Judge Lush was influenced in favour of the Colonel, we note that you say there is no truth in it, and you will remember that we took occasion to dissociate ourselves from our correspondent's suggestion.

Liability of Landlord.—G. D. (Battersea).—If the landlord did not give you the notice to which you were entitled under your tenancy agreement, he is liable for turning you out, unless steps were taken to close the building under an order of a magistrate.

Transmission of Money Order.—A. H. S. (Cleethorpes).—If a money order was sent for the amount due, the best course is to write to the Postmaster General, giving the date, etc., of it, and asking him what has become of it. You will then find that the order has either been lost and never paid at all, in which case you will get the money back, or that the firm had it, in which case they will be liable in damages for having levied execution. The only other alternative is that someone forged the name of the sender, and received and stole the money, in which case nothing can be done until the offender is discovered.

Making a Will.—C. S. (Thornton Heath).—The wife can employ anyone to write out her will, but anyone who witnesses it cannot receive a legacy under it. Therefore some independent witnesses should be procured. The executors should be declared to be trustees for the money left to the children, and the lady should say how she wishes the money to be invested till the children reach 21. The best way is to leave it to be put in Consols and a Savings Bank account opened by the trustees.

Liability for Damages.—C. F. (Hackney).—The makers are certainly liable for supplying the jam with glass in it, but you would have to bring an action in the County Court for the damages you claim, and you would have to prove the case in such a way as not to leave any room for doubt.

Bill for Goods.—Note (Dorking).—We do not understand why you had a bill for goods made out, as, if the cash passes, that is sufficient to make the bill good. If the bill does not mature for five years, the money cannot be called in earlier, but it would become payable on B.'s death, if so stipulated. In that case, however, it would not be a negotiable bill. You would do better to have the bill made payable on demand, and have a separate agreement by letters as to how the money is to paid.

Action of Solicitor.—N. Z. (Notts).—We do not see how we can usefully help you. The best course for you to adopt is to put the matter in the hands of another solicitor if you are dissatisfied with the one who has been acting for you.

Division of Property.—A. W. D. (Marylebone).—The brother and the sisters share the estate equally amongst them. The young lady to whom the deceased was engaged should claim as her property all that the man had given her, and she should threaten to apply for letters of administration to his estate if it is not handed over to her.

Recovery of Debt Act.—E. M. (Molesey).—There is no new Act on the subject, and the forms of notice offered to you are misleading. You can do nothing beyond summoning the debtors in the County Court.

Liability of Insurance Company.—R. F. A. (Richmond).—We doubt if such an employment as yours would render the insurance company liable if you met with an accident.

No premium to be paid on "John Bull" preference shares. See pp. 356 & 357.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Toilette Hints.

It seems that in Paris locks of a vivid golden hue are once again beloved, and accordingly a goodly number of heads of hair have had the good grace to promptly transform themselves into bright yellow or auburn! As a result, the face of the owner of an unaccustomed crop of fair hair seems pallid and "washed-out" by the contrast, and rouge becomes essential. Probably a discreet quantity of "make-up" does no harm to the complexion if first-rate grease and colouring matter be used. But it is a case of "a little less, and how far away," for second-rate paints and powders work dire destruction to the skin. One of the celebrated Misses Gunning—who were mobbed in The Mall for their beauty—died quite young from a loathsome skin complaint, resulting from impure "make-up," so you see it is really a serious matter. All who value their appearance treasure their complexions above all things, and the Parisian women are particularly careful—not always, softly be it whispered, with triumphant results! Some choose to cover their faces with a really thick layer of vaseline; after an hour it is removed with clean linen, and a dash of starch-powder applied. Others plaster their faces with cold cream, and leave it on all night (what a state the pillows must be in!). In the morning it is wiped off with cotton-wool. Of course, if a skin is naturally greasy, such beautifying tactics would have dire results. Some careful dames are actually afraid of water, using creams wherewith to cleanse their faces; quite a number have a holy horror of soap, preferring oatmeal and such-like substitutes. We cannot blame women for treasuring their complexion, for a fresh, clear skin is essential to personal charm. Fortunately, the women of this moist and temperate clime are for the most part endowed by Nature with sweet, blooming complexions.

Beads to the Fore.

These dainty and becoming adornments are to be very fashionable this winter. For one thing they will be used for trimming hats. To people in the country this will sound very strange, for though bead-trimmed millinery has been seen in London this summer, it has only been patronised by the ultra-smart, and has not penetrated beyond the Metropolis. But it really is a very effective, yet simple, method of trimming, and is expected by authorities on the subject to become rapidly popular. One desirable winter model was a broad-brimmed soft felt of a dark navy. Its low crown was entirely covered by loops of jet beads, passing at intervals through jet buckles. A small blue feather completed the trimming. Another was a white silk, with a couple of yellow velvet roses with their green leaves, clustered both above and below the brim. In the very centre of the top of the crown, eight strings of amber beads were fastened under a gold buckle. These strings were brought down over the crown at equal distances one from another, and vanished under a twist of amber velvet encircling the hat. Very uncommon and smart was the effect. An amber necklace was to be worn in conjunction with this *chapeau*. Necklaces and long strings of beads look particularly suitable with velvet gowns. For elderly ladies who wish to follow this fashion, a chain of beads of exactly the same hue as the gown looks more unobtrusive and dignified than a contrast, but for younger women a bright, daring dash of colour can be thus introduced.

An Easily-Made Dressing-Cape.

An absolutely novel yet delightfully simple morning-wrapper has been brought under my notice. It could easily be made at home, yet it hangs in such gracious folds that it has a truly distinguished appearance. Get a square yard of flannel, serge, brocade or velvet. Slit up one point to the centre. Edge the square all round with a contrasting material or colour, making this border run right round the slit that has been made from centre to point. Your garment is then practically completed. The slit, of course, falls over either shoulder, fastening over the breast with a buckle, or hook and eye. On the inside of each point that falls over the arms, a small strap is put for the arms to go through, thus holding the garment down neatly.

Seasonable Styles in Skirts.

The winter promises to show great contrast between the length of the skirts intended for use out of doors and those that are to sweep gracefully over Persian carpets. The walking ones are being cut very short, some right up to the ankles, while the trains of smart toilettes are longer than they have been for many a year. Of course, the short dancing frock will still hold its own in the affections of those sweet unsophisticated little misses who go to balls with a view to dancing every dance and enjoying the gyrations to the full, but the smart gowns for young matrons are being made with many a yard of silken frills and furbelows trailing the ground. Trains are very up-to-date, but are difficult to hold up when walking. Fringe, which has been "out" for many years, is now to enjoy a fresh innings of popularity. It is a very charming style of decoration, swinging and swaying with all the wearer's movements in a most graceful manner. Tassels, too, are one of the hall-marks of a thoroughly up-to-date gown. As regards materials, velvet and its poorer relation, velveteen, will be regarded with as much favour as ever, the new colours seeming to surpass those of last season both in richness and variety—but then they seem to do that every year. Stripes are still fashionable so that corduroy velvet will probably be largely patronised.

By Royal Warrant Purveyors to H.M. King Edward VII.

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Replaced free
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Only Makers and Patentees—
SCIENTIFIC GOLF CO.,
SWINTON ROW, EDINBURGH.

We particularly want every lady reader to be a shareholder.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That J. B. Joel is in for another *severe* trial.

That the line the railways are taking is not a permanent way.

That Middlesex criminals want Littler sentences.

That London's grievance against the Government is a slight affair.

That the omission to ask M. Gueshoff to the Diplomatic Corps dinner is "a bit Tewfik."

That the House of Lords motto is: "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself."

That the "Marriages of Mayfair" is a music-hall comedy.

That the mixed Aldershot "Park" Club will soon be known as the "Spark" Club.

That the Bulgarians have lost their liking for Porte.

That Lord Rosslyn's "system" is one of "weal within wheels."

No logician would ever drink "mild and bitter," for that would be to allow a contradiction in terms to be incorporated into his system.

Mr. Thomas Lack has received a legacy of £10,000. Carrying coals to Newcastle.

The *Daily Mirror* says it takes great courage to be oneself. It would take positive genius to be anyone else.

The illustrated papers present Mr. Asquith "addressing a golf-ball." No doubt the address was forceful and the ball was impressed.

A tax on cats is the latest idea. Why not a rat in aid?

The Mayor of Fulham has been having a ride on a roundabout. Doubtless he shied at the cocoanuts.

Captain Hughes is running a filly by Ugly out of Tights. This is the sort of gee-gee that ought to be scratched.

There will shortly be a conference of cooks. We know what will happen if there are too many present.

"Triumph of the Young Turk," report the papers. Every mother knows what that means.

American telegrams inform us that Mr. Orville Wright made a record flight of some 70 minutes "with his aeroplane in the air." He has not yet commenced to fly without it.

Those who took part in the recent Harp Competition certainly have great aspirations. An old lady was heard to remark that the music was "heyvingly."

The advertisers' request that one should read the *Red Magazine* "not because we tell you to," is really too modest.

"Balloonists picked up in the North Sea—Lunatics Escape."—So runs a *Leader* poster. We trust there will be no action for libel.

An exhibition of kite-flying has been organised to prove that it is not merely a boy's pastime. Of course not. Think of the City!

Seems rather queer, however, that people should fly kites to raise the wind, doesn't it?

"Lightning at a Banquet," says a headline. Quite a flash affair.

Policeman at Acton: "He had nothing on, your worship, but his shirt, socks and trousers." Really, this Salome business is going too far.

A philosopher has said, "Marry a bright woman for success, and a pretty one for happiness." And get run in for bigamy.

Hammond walked 131 miles in 24 hours, finishing about five o'clock on the Saturday afternoon. We are quite satisfied if we can do three miles before 12.30 on Sundays, but we *may* have to increase it to six.

The champagne crop is a failure this year. Short "fizz" and long "phizzes" will be the result.

The forbidding, in Prague, of skirts which sweep the ground will give the women a chance at last of displaying their understandings.

The tailoring paper which cast reflections on Winston Churchill's wedding suit might have added that no fault could be found with his Hozier.

"Too many mongrels are in control of our press," says Marie Corelli. No wonder they call them litter-ary men.

The Acton window smasher is a genius. He has "an infinite capacity for taking panes."

Miss Lena Ashwell, who has abolished the gallery at the Kingsway Theatre, evidently does not fear the wrath of the gods.

Professor Wager says that plants can see. What's the odds?

"London is at present the Mecca of tourists from all parts of the world," says the *Express*. A capital with good interest.

A Lewes man, fined £2 for keeping noisy fowls, said they were young, and could only chuckle. His neighbours do the chuckling now.

LOTTICO.—THE FIRST BUTCH INSURANCE CO., LTD., Against risk in lotteries. Registered at Somerset House, August 28th, 1908. £10 Premium payable in full or on the "Times" system of monthly payments. Write for Prospectus: 46, Cannon Street, London, E.C. Agents wanted.

ANDERSON'S
Three Star
Fine old liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY
for
REFINED PALATES
22, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

MOTOR CARS ON EASY PAYMENTS.

	Cash Price.	Cash Down.	12 Monthly Instalments of
Argyll, 14-16 h.p.	£180	£49 10 0	£12 19 10
Darracq, 15 h.p.	185	50 17 6	13 7 1
De Dion, 10-12 h.p.	200	55 0 0	14 8 9
Dennis, 16-20 h.p.	150	41 5 0	10 16 7
Herald, 30 h.p.	250	68 15 0	18 0 1
Peugeot, 10-12 h.p.	120	33 0 0	8 13 4
Panhard, 24-35 h.p.	350	96 5 0	25 5 4
Simms, 18 h.p.	120	33 0 0	8 13 4
Simms-Welbeck, 25-30 h.p. ...	250	68 15 0	18 0 1
Whitlock Aster, 25 h.p.	265	72 17 6	19 2 7

We can supply any make of car, new or second-hand, on the above system. We always have a large selection of second-hand cars in our showrooms in good running order. Any reasonable trial will be given, and cars can be examined by the Autocar or other Motor Experts.

BARGAIN ACCESSORY CATALOGUE.

A Great Saving to Buyers. Revolution in Prices.

We have a big demand for saleable Cars at the present time. Send particulars.

How to run a Motor Cheaply. Write for Free Book, Post Free on mentioning JOHN BULL.

Call or Write the Manager,

The London and Paris Exchange Motor Agency, Ltd.,

55-59, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.

ARFIE (Regd.) relieves skin troubles such as Boils, Eczema, Sores, Erysipelas, Blood-poisoning, Bad Legs, Piles, etc.; also Sore and Inflamed Eyes.

"Not temporary relief, but lifelong cure."

Of Chemists—Boots, Ltd., Lewis's, Manchester, or direct, post paid, 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d., from

Arfie, Ltd., Rochester, Kent.

PROMPT PRIVATE ADVANCES.

£100 and upwards to £10,000

ON NOTE OF HAND.

The Nobility, Gentry, Professional Men, and Tradesmen requiring an advance should apply personally or by letter to

FIELDINGS,

1a, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

TRADE BILLS DISCOUNTED. NO FEES.

A real financial "Bull's Eye." Don't miss it. See pages 356 and 357.

Some Silly Season Subjects:—
On which side should bread be buttered?
Does eating lights make cats see in the dark?
Should whispering be aloud?
Should perambulators have free-wheels?
Did the worm turn for a better screw?
Is there any arm in legs?
Ought children to chose their own parents?
Does cricket cause corns?
Does getting a seat in the House make a man lie?

Mr. Wilbur Wright, whilst washing in preparation for an evening flight, was surprised by nineteen impatient young women, who implored him to fly immediately. He donned a towel and complied.

"Love Affairs and Lunacy," runs a news heading. Same thing.

Eleven coaches of tourists have been held up and robbed by a highwayman in Yellowstone Park. A well-plucked lot!

A company has been formed at Dunmow to manufacture the famous flitches of bacon. There have been rasher enterprises before.

An anonymous letter to the police about the Liverpool Mystery was signed "King of Darkness." It threw no light on the matter.

Hayes, the Marathon winner, is going on the stage. The piece in which he appears should have a good run.

The New York baseball team has made a profit of £40,000 during the past season. Evidently a paying game.

The Barnstaple police are to have canes for the summary punishment of naughty children. Our word! when they catch them bending.

The Nottingham man who made four attempts to commit suicide before he succeeded must have been one who could not take life easily.

"The trousers are the most important faculty of the American statesman," says the *New Age*. Our politicians too find their breeches useful.

Whilst shopping in London, King Alfonso's hat blew off and a bobby chased it for him. Who wouldn't for a sovereign?

"Poverty has a pretty back," says G. H. Lorimer. Is that why no one wants to face it?

The *Searchlight* speaks of "The yesterday that is past." If our contemporary can discover a yesterday that is *not* past, it will justify its name.

Fifty-two competitors in the English angling championship at Tydd, caught three small fish in five hours. The Tyddlers weren't taking any.

A young man and a woman have been baptised in a public bath at Nottingham. Everything went swimmingly.

Public servants at Washington have been requested not to wear beards. Weren't they barefaced enough already?

The 300th performance of "The Mollusc" was recently celebrated. The play seems to be a regular sticker.

Five Paris dailies are publishing serial stories translated from the English. Can it still be "Gay Paree"?

Because he was jilted thirty years ago, a New York man has not spoken to anyone since. But that doesn't put a spoke in the lady's wheel.

The man who spent ten years in making a coffin out of matchboxes evidently wanted one made of light material.

During a recent fire at Stratford, two firemen fell into barrels of ink. No ink quest.

According to Holiday Notes, Pwllheli is only six hours from London. This reminds us of the remark of the Welshman in town, "London is very full to-day; there are 120 up from Pwllheli."

An evening paper heads a paragraph: "Bow to Ilford Trams." We shall be ordered next to salute a Shoreditch bus.

The Suffragettes are said to be wearing "beehive bonnets." With the object of concealing the bee, say the cynics.

The borough of Eye has no loans, no debts, and no lawsuits. A good pupil teacher for other councils.

A Lambeth pauper sees no reason why he should work in a "workhouse." He considers the word a misnomer.

"In the rush for small holdings, the question is the suitability of applicants." It depends whether they are cast in the right mould.

Two policemen, to secure evidence of illegal liquor selling, posed as fishermen. They had a good catch.

1908 MERCEDES BARGAINS

45 h.p. Lawton Limousine.
45 h.p. Chassis.
45 h.p. Special "Resta" body.
45 h.p. Chassis.

MUST BE CLEARED AT ONCE. INSPECTION INVITED.

PARK MOTOR CO., 216, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.

"Royal Mercedes Cars for Hire."

Telephone: 7555 and 7512 Gerrard.

LIPTONS

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS

Growers of the Finest Tea the World can Produce.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTONS.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTONS,

CHIEF OFFICES:

CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES & AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTONS TEA.

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

If you would hit a financial "Bull's Eye," see pages 356 and 357.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

OUR PREFERENCE SHARE ISSUE.—It is quite impossible for us to enter into correspondence about this matter. Full details are given in the Prospectus on pages 356 and 357. But, replying to many enquiries, we may say that applications for one share only—which means the payment of one pound in four instalments—will receive favourable consideration. We want every reader to be a part proprietor of JOHN BULL—*even if, in some cases several of them club together for the purpose.*

O. C. J. (Sutton).—The feature of "Howlers" will now have a rest. But it was much appreciated, and sometimes concealed a moral.

A. B. W. (London).—We have administered a biscuit to the *Express*.

G. A. B. (Burton-on-Trent) wants to know "why it was necessary for Archdeacon Colley to open the shutter of his camera if he really anticipated a 'Spirit photo.'" Hear, hear!

J. J. W. (Jarrow), R. H. (Kidsgrove) and others.—The makers of the petrol lamp to which you refer are Petrolite, Ltd., 106, York Road, Lambeth, London, S.E.

W. D. (Cumberland Street) informs "Soldier" (Dumfries) that his painting on glass is practically worthless, being only a print gummed on to glass and painted on the back to give the desired effect.

W. F. (Notting Hill) suggests that all employers of labour should provide pensions by knocking off a penny a week from all wages. He says that would mean over a million pennies a week in London alone, and 10s. a week for all the aged. W. F. should read our Editor's Budget speeches, where he will find the idea fully set out.

J. E. M. (Southall) makes somewhat sweeping statements about the invariable failure of Liberalism. We are not prepared to admit all his contentions, but we agree that the system of Party Government has many shortcomings.

W. W. (Wandsworth) asks us about the Page-Davis Advertising School of Chicago. We do not recommend "schools" of this kind.

L. B. M. (Bradford).—"Everyboby" is an amusing misprint. It should be every bobby, of course.

H. M. L. (Guildford), "NIMROD" (Derby) and others.—Sir John Fisher evidently possesses the capacity of Sir Boyle Roche's bird for being in two places at once. The "usual fee" for biscuits is £0. 0s. 0d.

W. S. H. (Old Kent Road) says that, in spite of his being a Unionist, he admires us. But we are Unionists too, in the best sense of the word. We want to keep the old folks out of the Union.

J. M. S. Y. (Onitsha, Southern Nigeria, West Africa) objects to a review of one of O. Wilde's books on the ground that the man was a genius. But our reviewer is a greater one.

J. H. P. (Forest Gate).—We are very credulous people, but we hesitate to believe that "scaffold poles round a house that is being built at Hadleigh, Essex, have taken root and are in leaf." The writer of the story must be up the pole.

R. L. B. (Shipley).—You may take it that we shall not stand on any technical ground in awarding our prizes.

THE BOOKSTALL CLERK at Palmer's Green says that he had already sent out for change when E. W. tendered the half-sovereign, but apparently he thought it unnecessary to mention the fact. He asserts that E. W. "did not ask in a polite manner at all, but quite the reverse," evidently expecting "bated breath and whispered humbleness" on the part of a customer in making what was, under the circumstances, a perfectly natural request.

F. B. (Derby).—We do not see what there is to complain about. The rules of the Society prohibit members joining another Trade Society, you joined one—expulsion followed. Why not?

"CHALAND," H. J. C., R. W. P., J. B., "CONSTANT READER," R. Y. Z., O. M., C. A. T.—The matter is having our careful attention. Thanks for information. We must make quite sure of all the facts before continuing the "slating."

E. A. (Rockferry).—They are the wrong kind of spirits.

R. P. B. (Cambridge).—The matter is too local to be of general interest.

B. O. W. (Battle) tells us that three hundred of the 25th Battalion, County of London Cyclists Corps, were quartered there for a fortnight, and complains that whilst the men had to sleep in tents the officers were quartered in the town. He thinks it a case of featherbed soldiers. We hope they had plenty of JOHN BULLS in Camp to while away the time.

H. L. (Leyton).—Thanks for cutting. We think by this time we have clipped the "wrong 'uns" claws.

"THOUGHTFUL" (Catford), tired of indoor life, wishes to start as a phrenologist at a seaside resort and wants us to recommend him where to start. What next? In any event, he had better wait till next spring.

"DARENT" (Palmer's Green).—As far as we are aware there are no such institutions as you name in New Zealand. Glad we are going strong down your way.

W. COWARCHY (Dublin).—Yes, there were British atrocities in Ireland "up to barely a century ago," worse than the Drude business in Morocco. Also when you say "we can see the mote in our own brother's eye and disregard the mountain in our own," you display an almost eerie knowledge of the lamentable state of our optics. We can't.

ARDENT SUPPORTER (Wokingham).—Our obligations to you. Nevertheless, you should not describe your local paper, the *East Berks Gazette*, as a "rag." It was quite courteous to us. Besides, the chiefest joy of our existence is to speak of our contemporaries in accents of tenderness and affection.

PARADOXICAL (Sheffield) writes warning our readers against advertisements which keep appearing "stating that Sanitary appointments (*i.e.*, as Inspectors) can be obtained at remuneration varying from £150 to £250 a year." He considers these advertisements most misleading, and proceeds to give good grounds for his opinion.

J. A. B. (Smethwick).—No "biscuits" for office mistakes. Thanks all the same.

V. M. Y. (Bayswater) wants to know why the Queen did not have a special train on the Scenic Railway. Why should she?

"A WORKER AMONGST THE POOR" (Birmingham).—We have frequently explained that we have not full control over our advertising department, but that we remove any advertisements regarding which duly authenticated complaints reach us.

R. B. (Co. Durham).—You are almost a grammarian.

"Electricity is the Medicine of the Future,"

Says M. D'Arsonval, of the Paris Institute.

In a recent exhaustive address on "the action of electricity on human beings," this noted scientist, who is a member of the Physiological Institute of Paris, expressed himself most favourable to the future use of electricity. He not only proved that it was excellent for certain maladies, but declared that it was to be the medicine of the future. He is of the firm belief that electricity will bring about a therapeutic revolution.

Dr. Beresford Ryley's words are welcome reading to many poor sufferers:—"I have long ceased to prescribe any form of drug for chronic Insomnia unless under most exceptional circumstances, and now rely entirely upon the well-known effects of electro-magnetism on the nervous system."

Dr. Erb, writing on the subject of Paralysis, says:—"No other remedy has won for itself so secure and permanent a place in the therapeutics of Paralysis as the electric current." In another place this same doctor says: "The cure of muscular rheumatism certainly belongs to the most hopeful province of Electro-Therapeutics."

Dr. Barthlomew writes: "In no painful affection is the application of electricity so conspicuous for good as in Sciatica."

These opinions all prove that the medical fraternity are recognising more and more the possibilities of electric treatment. Wonderful cures are being daily reported that have readily yielded to this wonderful force after defying for years every other known means. The "Ajax" Dry-Cell Battery is responsible for more uniform good in all general ailments than any other remedy. "Science Siftings" have bestowed upon this wonderful life-giving Battery their Certificate of Merit, and it has been endorsed by JOHN BULL.

The most interesting pamphlet ever written on the subject is ready for free distribution. This grand book is worth two guineas to anyone who values perfect health. Yet it is sent free of charge to all who write to The British Electric Institute, (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn-viaduct, London, E.C. It does not even cost you a penny stamp. Write at once if you cannot call for a free demonstration.—[ADVT.]

FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

A Well Known Authority Sends a Sample of a Famous Method Free to All.

We will send free to anyone who is ruptured, or knows of any person ruptured, a free trial of our famous home cure. It is a marvellous method, curing cases that defied hospitals, doctors, trusses, electricity and all else. Merely send your name and address, and the free trial will be sent without any cost to you whatever. Mr. R. Wharton, 52, Domestic Street, Holbeck, Leeds, was ruptured seven years, tried all kinds of trusses, partly made up his mind to undergo the danger of an operation, when, by the greatest of good luck, he tried the Rice method. He is cured, AND HAS WORN NO TRUSS FOR OVER SIX YEARS.

MR. R. WHARTON.

Mr. Wharton says:—I tried the Rice method, and it cured me. I had been ruptured seven years and tried all kinds of trusses with no benefit. I am doing all I can to persuade every ruptured person to try this method, which I think is worth its weight in gold."

Every ruptured person ought to send at once and make a trial of this method. It has cured thousands of people without pain, danger, operation, or an hour's loss of time. Begin now, and in a short time you will forget you have been ruptured. Do not fail to send in this Coupon to-day

COUPON (B 1101).

Cut out and post to WM. S. RICE, R.S., LTD., 8 and 9, STONE-CUTTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TIME RUPTURED?.....AGE?.....

RIGHT, LEFT, OR BOTH SIDES, OR NAVEL? .....

NAME .....ADDRESS .....

.....

A. M. F. (Kirn).—Thanks for the portrait of Jim Crow's stone at Kirn. It is very lifelike.

"Pioneer" (Shepherd's Bush).—We agree with you in fearing that "Little Natal" will never have justice done her. If we were Colonial Secretary, we would take her between our finger and thumb and drop her into the nearest flower-pot. Anyhow, we are always glad to give everybody a chance. We are also glad to hear from you because you write so prettily. No heel-taps!

E. J. (Ellesmere) is dissatisfied with the "Harmsworth Atlas," and we agree that it was a pity to leave Luxor out of the map.

H. G. W. (Holloway Road) has been betting about the place of Whitaker Wright's trial and wants us to decide. It was in the High Court (King's Bench), before Mr. Justice Bigham.

"Big Ben" (Walworth) has prejudices against ladies smoking. We must find him a nice pedestal in an early-Victorian museum.

H. B. W. (Birmingham) wants a photograph of the Editor and staff on art paper in our Christmas number, also a J.B. pocket-book for 1909. We will see what can be done. Perhaps Archdeacon Colley will "take" us.

"Ah-Ah" (Liverpool) says the British Premium Co. took a signature from a postcard sent to the International Securities Syndicate, and wants to know if they are connected. We hope not.

"A Believer" (Maidstone) writes, "Whatever any one may think or say, it is still a fact that 'God does answer Prayer,' the prayers of His own. May God open your eyes to understand this, and may He bless you." We hope that this prayer, at any rate, will be answered.

"An Anarchist" (East Dulwich) says that he knows personally most of the leading anarchists of Europe, and has never yet come across one who belonged to any secret society for the destruction of humankind. He says "that men calling themselves anarchists have assassinated rulers is no proof for arguing that anarchists believe in such outrages. . . These outrages have been the outcome of individual intellectual weakness very much bordering on fanaticism. At least, the police forces of all the countries of Europe and America put together have never proved that any one of these outrages committed on rulers have been the outcome of a plot; and this fact has been acknowledged to me personally by a Scotland Yard official, who has pretty well toured throughout the Continent in search of any such clues against anarchist groups." Of course, we are quite well aware that it is possible to be an anarchist and not to take part in conspiracies to murder, just as it is possible to be a Frenchman and not to eat frogs. All the same, we cling to our belief that anarchist societies do exist for the purpose of assassinating rulers. The belief may be a wrong one, but it is very generally held.

G. W. L. (Homerton).—We do not quite understand what the boys were doing "with a grotto." We did not know that a grotto was a thing that could be carried about like a penwiper.

C. H. B. (Nottingham).—Glad our appeal for the Territorials touched you. Hapgood's have explained. The U. D. Act is a delicate topic.

T. T. (Fleet Street) has a copy of Russell's "India," which he is prepared to sell to our correspondent "Anglo-Indian" if they can come to terms.

J. F. (Birmingham).—We don't expect an immediate German invasion, but if it came we should print a German edition.

G. E. S. (Montreal).—Jim Crow has always had a good opinion of himself, but he did not go so far as to expect the Canadian newspapers to publish his portrait.

W. J. J. (Fulham).—Alas, the papers came by themselves and were thrown away. But our tip is to avoid tipsters.

F. S. W. (Norwich) is another sanguine person who thinks he has "pierced the incognito" of Jim Crow, but we are glad to hear that "the secret is as safe as a church" in his keeping; though we would not trust a church to everybody.

A. H. D. R. (Aston).—Why should not William IV. have a great-grandson? Many sovereigns have contracted left-handed alliances.

"Constant Reader" (Derby).—If you have read us since our first number, you have only yourself to blame for being taken in by the British Premium Company. We hope it will be a warning to you to read us more carefully in future.

H. G. (Aglie Canovese, Italy) writes: "As you never miss a chance to give the many bounders their dues I fervently hope you will have a few words to say about that Irish Gentleman Father Vaughan who is not satisfied of his farmer Str Gold mine he goes in the provinces at the Seaside places taking Town halls and Kursaals for express purpose to address the Good county people and fill his own pockets at their credoulous expenses. The old fox is very clever indeed because he knows the womens weekness and he tackel them on marriage that Divine institution," and so on and so on. We do not admire Father Vaughan for many things, but we respect our Catholic readers.

J. J. (Cardiff).—You must communicate with the Secretary of State for War, Whitehall, S.W. We are unable to give you the information.

E. R. (Ventnor) has a wonderful cure for rheumatism, and offers to give us half the profits if we will advertise it in John Bull, but, being democrats, we have no desire to accumulate wealth at the expense of our fellow creatures.

D. E. C. (Rochester).—We are afraid Davis and Porter, of 12, Paternoster Row, E.C., adopt similar methods to most publishers of subscription works. It is a pity young people will sign these orders without reading them.

F. H. (Newbury).—Thanks for pamphlet. We were, however, fully acquainted with the facts.

J. R. (Ilford).—Your case illustrates one of the many flaws in our present Patent Law, and we advise you to get your local M.P. to bring it to the notice of the President of the Board of Trade.

C. A. (Moss Side).—It was illegal on the part of the policeman to whack the two boys who were spoiling the flowers in the garden. However, they now know he is on the beat.

L. T. (Cardiff) says the Breton onion-sellers are hard bargainers, but we suppose they are entitled to make what they can.

G. T. (North Malvern) sends us one of the chain prayers which a young lady tore up, and he ingeniously pieced together. We hope he will escape the calamity threatened to anyone who failed to copy it out and distribute it.

H. L. W. (Norwich).—The misprint of "bird" for "bride" does not necessarily mean, as you suggest, that the young lady is a high flyer. All birds are not.

G. E. F. (Hull) well remembers reading the first issue of John Bull on his way to a football match. He scored a goal that time.

A. E. L. (Leicester) always understood that John Milton wrote "Paradise Lost." Fancy that!

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

Buchanan's Popular 'Scotch'

ONE & ALL

SICKNESS & ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

What 1s. a Month will do:

Ensure £1 a Week for any Sickness.
Ensure £1 a Week for any Accident.
Ensure £10 at Death.

(Not exceeding, but according to the number of Members.) Claims paid on sight. No other Association offers such liberal terms. Are you in a Club? If so, compare Payments and Benefits.

JUST CONSIDER!

1.—Will your salary cease when you are sick or injured?
2.—Is your earning power insured?
3.—Accident and sickness visit us when we are least prepared for it.
4.—You will do your duty by your family, to yourself, and know you are not getting behind if you assure.
5.—Nothing kills quicker than worry.
6.—If you are not insured you must worry.

General Manager: WILLIAM A. TRATHEN.

Secretary: EDWIN S. R. SMITH (General Secretary of the National Society of Operative Printers' Assistants).

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TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of Potter's Asthma Cure, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For Free Sample send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. [Mention this Magazine.

Instant Relief.

HEALTH AND VITALITY.
DR. MARTIN'S
Miracletts
A Guaranteed Cure for Summer Weakness.

Thousands of sufferers are pending for these wonderful little tablets and being cured—thoroughly cured—of all kinds of Nervous, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Rheumatic Affections, Organic Weakness, &c. They are a quick, safe and certain remedy, a real elixir of life. In bottles, 1/1, 2/6, 4/6 and 11/-. 3d. P.O. direct to us to-day. We will return your money if not quite satisfied.—Dept. U.

DR. MARTIN'S MEDICINE CO.,
6, Panton Street, Haymarket, London, S.W.

All enquiries about "John Bull," Limited, are answered on pages 356 and 357.

A. N. (Wood Green).—We are afraid our hands are too full at the moment to enable us to fully investigate your transactions with Messrs. Bambrough. We will keep our eye on them. We have returned your papers.

J. H. C. (Greenwich).—The discussion on Spirit Photography is closed for the present, but we have sent on your letter to the writer of the article.

T. W. (Manchester).—Almost as bad as the Dr. Miller case.

C. A. B. (Chiswick).—For confirmation of our statement that the amount of crime is in inverse ratio to the number of licensed premises, we refer you to the Criminal Statistics, published by the Home Office, for the last five years. We also refer you to the Licensing Statistics for the same period. It is quite true that a brewer is not excluded from the Commission of the Peace, but it is a new temperance argument that the interests of the brewer and the licensed victualler are identical. In any event, they do not adjudicate in cases in which they are interested.

J. T. (Battersea).—We are afraid we shall have to have another Police Commission.

A. J. B. (Swansea).—Our comments were based upon the newspaper report—which we quoted verbatim. Your letter is very rough on the doctor. By the way, what brings you in Swansea? We thought you were busy golfing.

ENGLISHMAN (London).—We quite agree that the present Bankruptcy Act requires much amendment, and that debtors are subjected to unjustifiable tyranny and persecution. Three cheers for Mrs. Williams.

BARUM "JOHN BULL" (Barnstaple).—Delighted to hear from you. These "Latter-day Saints" are as bad as the early ones. Why will people bother so much about other folks salvation? Let us all get to Heaven in our own way, say we.

PAYETER and Co.—Will the many correspondents who have written us from time to time respecting their experiences with this "home-work" firm, communicate with the Director of Public Prosecutions, Treasury Chambers, Whitehall, S.W.? A charge is pending against them at Lambeth Police Court.

A. C. H. (Westcliff-on-Sea), C. E. R. (Buckingham Gate), H. H. (Westminster), J. S. (Liverpool), W. J. K. (Leicester), R. A. (Worthing), Miss E. T. (Cardiff), Miss A. G. (Leeds), F. T. (Queen's Park), E. E. (St. Peter's, Kent), C. M. F. (Tower Hill), E. G. G. (Leyton), E. V. (Yeovil), "MELVILLE," A. A. H. (Caledonian Road), E. H. (Christchurch), R. T. R. (Bishop's Stortford), F. G. C. (New Eltham), W. G. H. (East Ham), J. H. (Haaland), C. G. F. (Sunderland), H. J. C. (Gateshead), W. S. (Plymouth), "WHASH," (Brighton), J. M. (Walsall), A. S. (Barry), S. J. A. (Hornsey Lane), R. J. W. (Worcester), "COLD" (Derby), J. T. A. (London, N.), R. A. (City Road), C. M. (Manchester), G. M. (Devonport), F. E. P. (Brockley), B. DE S. (Hampstead), T. U. C. P. (Nottingham), C. J. M. (Leeds), E. W. D. (Canterbury), F. K. (Croydon), C. G. L. (Leith), Mrs. H. (Glasgow), "PLYMOUTH READER," T. B. A. P., J. L. S. (Church Gresley), J. C. R. (Belfast), F. B. (Hurst Green), G. C. (Chelsea), E. M. M. (East Finchley), A. B. (Goswell Road), J. P. (Dalton), J. A. S. (Newcastle), L. R. W. (St. Albans), W. J. L. (Cardiff), F. S. M. (Temple), T. S. (Clapham), M. J. L. (Belvedere), A. T. (Putney), Mrs. R. (Maryborough), W. K. (Coventry), and J. W. (Peckham Rye). God bless you all, but do stop writing about tea-tricks and watch-tricks and asking "How on earth did they get my signature?"—They bought it.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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All letters *re* "John Bull," Limited, are answered on pages 356 and 357.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

A Notable Sportsman.

Mr. W. A. Goddard, one of Guernsey's "best," has won every open race in the Channel Islands at different times, and the chief event, the Sarnian Plate, three years in sequence, with platers which he bought expressly, and were trained by T. Young at Findon.

A New Venture.

Congratulations to "The Scout," of the *Daily Express*, on the first number of his new project, *The Sport Set*—"A Monthly Magazine for Men and Women." It is just the thing for sportsmen to read on their railway journeys and to subsequently carry home, and is characterised by all the vim and verve which have made the Sporting column of the *Express* one of the most popular features of racing literature. We observe that the equine supplement is "Cocksure"—which is, presumably, "The Scout's" special tip for the Cambridgeshire.

Prophetic.

If the horse has not already run at Nottingham while these notes are in the Press, Precentor must be followed at Haydock Park this week end, this being the only venue where he was able to raise a flag at all last season. The unlucky little horse has recently changed ownership, and been, I am sorry to say, taken out of the care of his trainer, Grieve, who has had all the trouble and misfortune with him. Kempton's sport at the week end will, of course, be prolific and important. As she was unquestionably unlucky at Hurst Park, I think Aubergine, who is coming on, should win Friday's Coventry Plate; while on his A. P. form, Specifical must take the Park Plate. On Saturday Reality should give little Stanley Wootton a winning ride at last in the Apprentices' Plate, and, back in the selling ranks, Truffle de Perigord, now fresh again, will show that he is still a useful little animal if he contests the Brentford Plate, in which he has to beat Bobrinski. Recent form makes out that Diamond Stud, despite his 7 lb. penalty, must, as a raging favourite, be thereabouts in Saturday's Nursery; while whichever Persse runs, either White Eagle or our good friend Hayden, should take the Duke of York Stakes. Sir Archibald was very heavily backed last Saturday for the Cambridgeshire, so evidently makes way for one of the others.

As to the distant future, and this is the last time that I shall be able to refer to the Cesarewitch, I should name The Nut as being dangerous if really backed on the day; but plump outright, win and place, for

Yentoi,

for whatever beats the little horse will assuredly win. He has the best of the handicap, has done the right orthodox preparation, has thrived on it, and we know stays the course. The others, such as Pure Gem and All Black, are only there on private doings in which I never believe for races such as this or the National. After Carnegie's running at Nottingham, it was useless keeping him in the race; and the pen has, therefore, with commendable promptitude, been run through his name. Those desiring the double event can take Yentoi, and even The Nut in addition, with Rhodora, Sir Archibald and Poor Boy for the Cambridgeshire, which is pretty certain to fall to a 3-year-old.

A Special Tip.

One tip, however, I *can* give my readers this week—secure some of the "John Bull" shares.

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See Page 341.

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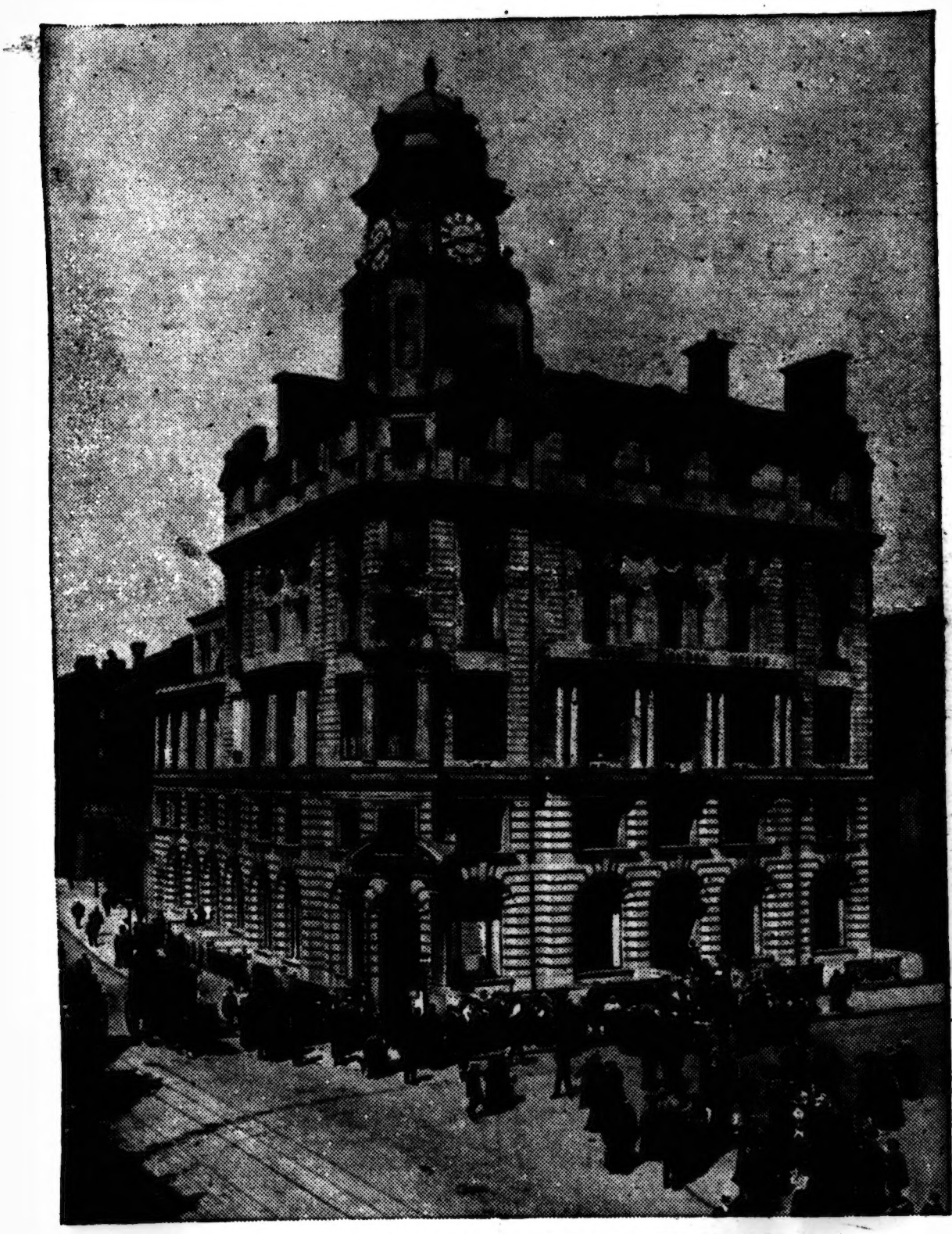

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